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# Social Hymns of Brotherhood and Aspiration

COLLECTED BY  
MABEL HAY BARROWS MUSSEY

NEW YORK  
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY  
1914

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IN MEMORY  
OF  
ISABEL C. BARROWS

WHOSE LIFE WAS  
A HYMN OF  
LOVE JOY SERVICE



## Preface

THESE hymns were first collected for THE SURVEY, in which they appeared on January 3, 1914, after they had been submitted to a jury of critics representing many phases of religious activity. The warm welcome accorded them there has led to their republication in the present form, with some alterations, and with all the music.

Social aspiration is the dominant note in this book. The editor's first object was to find hymns that could be sung by all people in all places,—in churches, in halls, in schools, in the open. Many hymns, therefore, were chosen which Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic may sing with equal fervor. To this common store were added a few which voice the special messages of different groups. The line has been drawn to include hymns of cheer, courage and inspiration; other phases of religious life have been left to the church hymnals.

Every year now leads us farther on the road to social living. May this collection mark a milestone on the way!

With a feeling that the task is just beginning, the editor offers thanks for advice, encouragement and criticism to Mary C. Crawford, Charles A. Dann, Edward Dwight Eaton, Constance Mills Herreshoff, John Haynes Holmes, Paul U. Kellogg, Willys Peck Kent, Henry Raymond Mussey, Simon N. Patten, William Walker Rockwell, Vida D. Scudder, Theodore Clarke Smith, Elizabeth Squire, Rose Pastor Stokes, Francis Tyson, Von Ogden Vogt, and many other friends who gave a helping hand.

MABEL HAY BARROWS MUSSEY

NEW YORK, April, 1914

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# Social Hymns

1

## Aspiration and Faith

TOULON 10. 10. 10. 10.

L. Bourgeois, *Geneva Psalter*, 1543

God of the Na - tions, who from dawn of days Hast led Thy peo - ple

in their wide - ning ways, Through whose deep pur - pose stran - ger thou - sands

stand Here in the bor - ders of our prom - ised land; A - men.

1 GOD of the Nations, who from dawn of days  
Hast led Thy people in their widening ways,  
Through whose deep purpose stranger thousands stand  
Here in the borders of our promised land;

2 Thine ancient might did break the Pharaoh's boast,  
Thou wast the shield for Israel's marching host,  
And, all the ages through, past crumbling throne  
And broken fetter, Thou hast brought Thine own.

3 Thy hand has led across the hungry sea  
The eager peoples flocking to be free,  
And from the breeds of earth, Thy silent sway  
Fashions the Nation of the broadening day.

4 Then, for Thy grace to grow in brotherhood  
For hearts aflame to serve Thy destined good,  
For faith, and will to win what faith shall see,  
God of Thy people, hear us cry to Thee!

## Aspiration and Faith

RUDOLFSTADT Six 10s.

Old German melody arr. by Charles L. Safford, 1909

E - ter-nal Ruler of the ceaseless round Of circling planets singing on their way,  
 Guide of the nations from the night profound In - to the glo- ry of the per-fect day,  
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be Guided and strengthen'd and up-held by Thee. A- men.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round  
 Of circling planets singing on their way,  
 Guide of the nations from the night profound  
 Into the glory of the perfect day,  
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be  
 Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.
- 2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,  
 The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;  
 Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,  
 Into our hearts, that we may be as one,  
 As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;  
 As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.
- 3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,  
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair;  
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,  
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer;  
 One in the power that makes Thy children free  
 To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.
- 4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord,  
 Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;  
 Our inspiration be Thy constant word;  
 We ask no victories that are not Thine:  
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,  
 Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

CREATION L. M. D.

Arr. fr. Franz Joseph Haydn, 1798

The spa-cious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky,

And span-gled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim.

Th'un-wea-ried sun from day to day Does his Cre-a-tor's pow'r dis-play,

And pub-lish-es to ev-ry land The work of an al-might-y hand. A-men.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.  
 Th'unwearied sun from day to day  
 Does his Creator's power display,  
 And publishes to every land  
 The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
 And nightly to the listening earth  
 Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
 What though nor real voice, nor sound  
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice;  
 For ever singing as they shine:  
 "The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

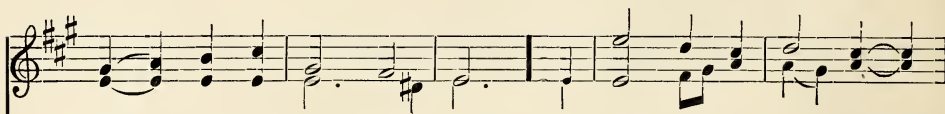


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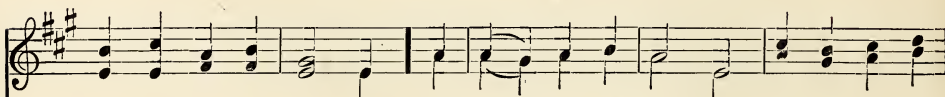
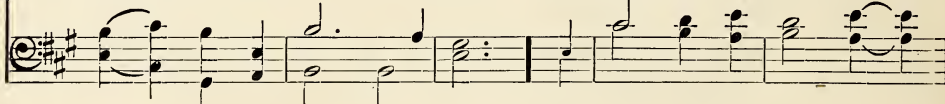
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Anon. J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751

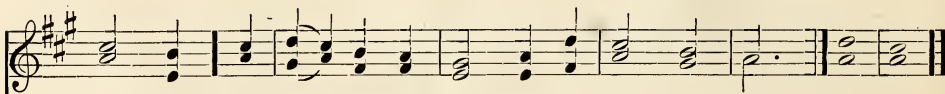
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|---|-----------------|
| 1. Approach ye, approach ye, sons of men, re-joic-ing;      | Bro-ther by'    |
| 2. The earth is the Lord's, the na-tions are His chil-dren, | Yea, tho' their |
| 3. What tho' the proud withdraw themselves be-yond us!      | What tho' the   |
| 4. E'en by the meek who pray for His ap-pear-ing,           | E'en by the     |
| 5. Who shall de-spair, tho' round us be con-fu-sion;        | Tho' not for    |



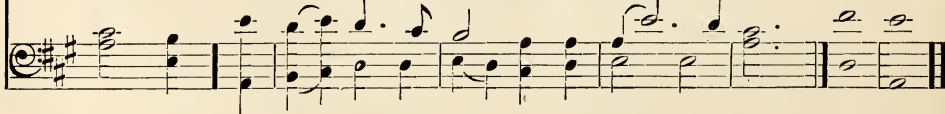
bro-ther with pray'r and song!	Cry un-to Je-sus, our
birth-right they do not de-ny;	Rend-ing a-sun-der what
rich make naught of poor man's blood!	He, Lord of all, shall
strong who gird them to the fight,	The king-doms of this world shall
us the per-fect or-der dawn?	The Day-star is seen, the



Broth-er born to save us:	O Come Son of Ma-ry,	Je-su, our Re-
God hath willed u-ni-ted.	O Come Son of Ma-ry,	Je-su, our Re-
lay their pride in ash-es.	O Come Son of Ma-ry,	Je-su, our Re-
be our Christ's do-min-ion.	O Come Son of Ma-ry,	Je-su, our Re-
dark-ness is de-part-ing!	O Come Son of Ma-ry,	Je-su, our Re-



deem-er, O come, King tri-umph-ant, and reign on earth. A-men.



Now let us all a - rise and sing The com - ing king - dom of our King,

The time when all shall broth - ers be, Each lov - ing each, all lov - ing Thee.

How long, O Lord,—O Lord, how long Shall these Thy weak ones suf-fer wrong? A-men.

Words Copyright, 1914, by Survey Associates.

1 **N**OW let us all arise and sing  
 The coming kingdom of our King,  
 The time when all shall brothers be,  
 Each loving each, all loving Thee.  
 How long, O Lord,—O Lord, how long  
 Shall these Thy weak ones suffer wrong?

2 O, when shall dawn the glorious day  
 For which we hope and work and pray?  
 Dear Father, use what means Thou wilt  
 To cleanse our lives from greed and guilt;  
 Help us to put away our sin  
 And learn to bring Thy kingdom in.

## Aspiration and Faith

CONSTANCE 7. 5. 7. 5. D.

W. Russell Bowie

Constance Mills Herreshoff, 1913

1. Splendor of the tho'ts of God For the life of men, Vis - ions of the saints and seers  
 4. Splendor of the tho'ts of God Thro' the shadows rise, Burn the films of self and sin

Burn for us a - gain! From the night of ancient wrongs Wake our eyes to see (to see),  
 From our blinded eyes. Pen - i - tents, we come to learn What we ought to do (to do),

FINE

Dawn - ing in the skies the day God shall bring to be. 2. Lo, from out the heav - y dark  
 Give the vision—then, O God, Strength to make it true! 3. Shame of all our lust and greed,

Strained and hag - gard eyes Turn toward that breaking dawn With their dumb surmise, Women from their  
 Shame of lives that lie Couched in ease while down their streets Pain and want go by. In the twilight

*D. C. al Fine*

tragic shame, Weary men that bow To the burden of the world Cry Thy coming now.  
 of our sins, These we suf - fer long, While our strength lies dull before Earth's unrighted wrong A - men.



## Aspiration and Faith

THE HYMN OF JOY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1824

Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;

Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, Hail Thee as the sun a - bove.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day! A - men.

1 JOYFUL, joyful, we adore Thee,  
 God of glory, Lord of love;  
 Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,  
 Hail Thee as the sun above.  
 Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;  
 Drive the dark of doubt away;  
 Giver of immortal gladness,  
 Fill us with the light of day.

2 All Thy works with joy surround Thee,  
 Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,  
 Stars and angels sing around Thee,  
 Center of unbroken praise:  
 Field and forest, vale and mountain,  
 Blossoming meadow, flashing sea,  
 Chanting bird and flowing fountain,  
 Call us to rejoice in Thee.

3 Thou art giving and forgiving,  
 Ever blessing, ever blest,  
 Well-spring of the joy of living,  
 Ocean-depth of happy rest!  
 Thou the Father, Christ our Brother,—  
 All who live in love are Thine:  
 Teach us how to love each other,  
 Lift us to the Joy Divine.

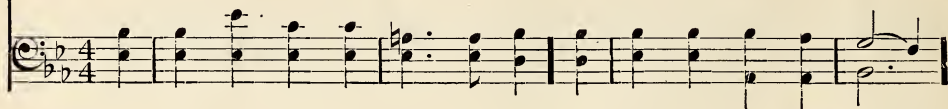
4 Mortals join the mighty chorus,  
 Which the morning stars began;  
 Father-love is reigning o'er us,  
 Brother-love binds man to man.  
 Ever singing march we onward,  
 Victors in the midst of strife;  
 Joyful music lifts us sunward  
 In the triumph song of life.

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

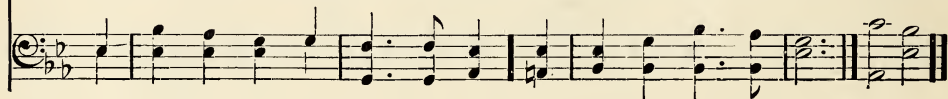
Joseph Barnby, 1861



From Thee all skill and sci - ence flow, All pit - y, care and love,



All calm and cour - age, faith and hope;— O pour them from a - bove. A-men.



1 FROM Thee all skill and science flow,  
 All pity, care and love,  
 All calm and courage, faith and hope;—  
 O pour them from above.

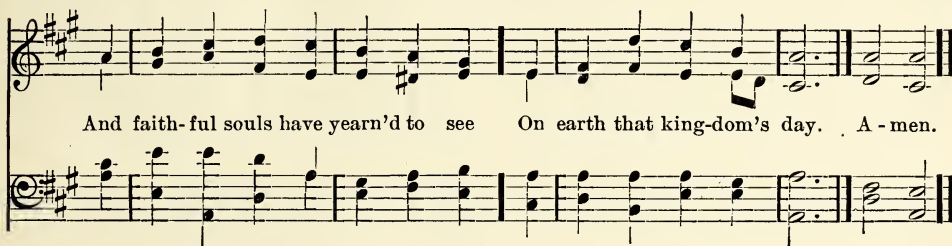
2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,  
 As each and all shall need,  
 To rise like incense, each to Thee,  
 In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day  
 When pain and death shall cease,  
 And Thy just rule shall fill the earth  
 With health and light and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,  
 And ever green the sod,  
 And man's rude work deface no more  
 The Paradise of God.

ST. PAUL C. M.

J. Chalmers's Collection, 1749



- 1 **T**HY kingdom come— on bended knee  
The passing ages pray;  
And faithful souls have yearned to see  
On earth that kingdom's day.
- 2 But the slow watches of the night  
Not less to God belong,  
And for the everlasting right  
The silent stars are strong.
- 3 And lo! already on the hills  
The flags of dawn appear;  
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
Proclaim the day is near:
- 4 The day in whose clear-shining light  
All wrong shall stand revealed,  
When justice shall be clothed with might,  
And every hurt be healed:
- 5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,  
Shall walk the earth abroad,—  
The day of perfect righteousness  
The promised day of God.

Thy king - dom, Lord. we long for, Where love shall find its own;

And broth - er - hood tri - umph - ant Our years of pride dis - own.

Thy cap - tive peo - ple lan - guish In mill and mart and mine;

We lift to Thee their an - guish, We wait Thy prom - ised sign. A - men.

1 **THY** Kingdom, Lord we long for,  
 Where love shall find its own;  
 And brotherhood triumphant  
 Our years of pride disown.  
 Thy captive people languish  
 In mill and mart and mine:  
 We lift to Thee their anguish,  
 We wait Thy promised Sign!

2 Thy Kingdom, Lord, Thy Kingdom!  
 All secretly it grows;  
 In faithful hearts forever  
 His seed the Sower sows.  
 Yet ere its consummation  
 Must dawn a mighty doom;  
 For judgment and salvation  
 The Son of Man shall come.

3 If now perchance in tumult  
 His destined Sign appear,—  
 The rising of the people,—  
 Dispel our coward fear!

Let comforts that we cherish,  
 Let old tradition die;  
 Our wealth, our wisdom perish,  
 So that He draw but nigh.

4 In wrath and revolution  
 The Sign may be displayed,  
 But by Thy grace we'll greet it  
 With spirits unafraid.  
 The awestruck heart presages  
 An advent dread and sure,  
 It hails the hope of ages,  
 Its Master in the poor.

5 Beyond our sad confusion,  
 Our strife of speech and sword  
 Our wars of class and nation  
 We wait Thy certain Word.  
 The meek and poor of spirit  
 Who in Thy promise trust  
 Thy Kingdom shall inherit,  
 The blessing of the just.

Vida D. Scudder, 1913



MOUNT HOLYOKE 15. 15. 15. 15.

M. L. Wostenholm, 1910

There's a light up-on the moun-tains, and the day is at the spring,

When our eyes shall see the beau-ty and the glo-ry of the King:

Wea-ry was our heart with wait-ing, and the night-watch seemed so long,

But His tri-umph-day is breaking, and we hail it with a song. A-men.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a light upon the mountains and the day is at the spring,  
 When our eyes shall see the beauty and the glory of the King:  
 Weary was our heart with waiting, and the night-watch seemed so long,  
 But His triumph-day is breaking and we hail it with a song.
- 2 In the fading of the starlight we may see the coming morn;  
 And the lights of men are paling in the splendors of the dawn:  
 For the eastern skies are glowing as with light of hidden fire,  
 And the hearts of men are stirring with the throbs of deep desire.
- 3 He is breaking down the barriers, He is casting up the way;  
 He is calling for His angels to build up the gates of day:  
 But His angels here are human, not the shining hosts above;  
 For the drum-beats of His army are the heart-beats of our love.

SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John B. Dykes, 1871

Hail the glo - rious Gold - en Cit - y, Pic - tured by the seers of old!

Ev - er - last - ing light shines o'er it, Wondrous tales of it are told:

On - ly right - eous men and wo - men Dwell with - in its gleam - ing wall;

Wrong is ban - ished from its bord - ers, Jus - tice reigns supreme o'er all. A - men.

1 **H**AIL the glorious Golden City,  
 Pictured by the seers of old!  
 Everlasting light shines o'er it,  
 Wondrous tales of it are told:  
 Only righteous men and women  
 Dwell within its gleaming wall;  
 Wrong is banished from its borders,  
 Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

2 We are builders of that city;  
 All our joys and all our groans  
 Help to rear its shining ramparts;  
 All our lives are building-stones:

Whether humble or exalted,  
 All are called to task divine;  
 All must aid alike to carry  
 Forward one sublime design.

3 And the work that we have builded,  
 Oft with bleeding hands and tears,  
 And in error and in anguish,  
 Will not perish with our years:  
 It will last and shine transfigured  
 In the final reign of Right;  
 It will merge into the splendors  
 Of the City of the Light.

## ALL SAINTS C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler, 1872

O ye who dare go forth with God, Be - hold the flag un - furled;

And hear His trumpet's chal - lenger ing A - cross the answering world:

For His great war with sin and shame, Though cow - ard hearts re - fuse;—

Go draw the sword that in His name You shall find strength to use. A - men.

1 O YE who dare go forth with God,  
Behold the flag unfurled;  
And hear His trumpet's challenge ring  
Across the answering world:  
For His great war with sin and shame,  
Though coward hearts refuse—  
Go draw the sword that in His name  
You shall find strength to use.

2 The citadels He bids you storm  
Are walled with ancient wrong;  
The foes He bids you shock against  
Are insolent and strong;  
Where fleshly lusts and greed for gain  
Make dens for souls to die;—  
For rescue from that poisoned pain  
The bitter voices cry:

3 The bitter voice goes up to God  
From the dark house of shame;  
'Mid iron wheels of driving toil,  
And from the men they maim;  
From every stricken child who lies  
In some foul room and drear;  
From those who walk with sodden eyes,  
To whom no hopes come near.

4 When sordidness and pain and sin  
Cry for the avenging sword;  
Where selfish ease and indolence  
Call for the blazing word;  
There God's clear trumpet summons those  
Who dare to face the wrong,  
And launch against His spirit's foes  
The strength which He makes strong.

Be - hold a Sow - er! from a - far He go - eth forth with might;

The roll - ing years his fur - rows are, His seed the grow - ing light;

For all the just his word is sown, It spring - eth up, al - way;

The ten - der blade is hope's young dawn, The har - vest, love's new day. A - men.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD a Sower! from afar  
 He goeth forth with might;  
 The rolling years his furrows are,  
 His seed the growing light;  
 For all the just his word is sown,  
 It springeth up, alway;  
 The tender blade is hope's young dawn,  
 The harvest, love's new day.
- 2 O Lord of life, to Thee we lift  
 Our hearts in praise for those,  
 Thy prophets, who have shown Thy gift  
 Of grace that ever grows,  
 Of truth that spreads from shore to shore,  
 Of wisdom's widening ray,  
 Of light that shineth more and more  
 Unto Thy perfect day.

- 3 Shine forth, O light, that we may see,  
 With hearts all unafraid,  
 The meaning and the mystery  
 Of things that Thou hast made:  
 Shine forth, and let the darkling past  
 Beneath Thy beam grow bright;  
 Shine forth, and touch the future vast  
 With Thine untroubled light.
- 4 Light up Thy Word; the fettered page  
 From killing bondage free;  
 Light up our way; lead forth this age  
 In love's large liberty!  
 O Light of light! within us dwell,  
 Through us Thy radiance pour,  
 That word and life Thy truths may tell,  
 And praise Thee ever more.



TRURO L. M.

T. Williams' *Psalmody Evangelica*, 1790

King - dom of God: the day how blest When to Thy

fold as to their home From north and south, from east and

west, Thine own of ev - 'ry name shall come! A - men.

- 1 **K**INGDOM of God; the day how blest  
When to Thy fold as to their home  
From north and south, from east and west,  
Thine own of every name shall come!
- 2 Day of the Lord; Thine hour draws nigh,  
We see the radiant dawn afar;  
The light of truth illumines the sky,  
Resplendent as the morning star.
- 3 Not ours the noon, but ours the dawn,  
The prelude to the full-orbed day;  
And ours to bid the clouds be gone,  
And give the light unhindered way.
- 4 All glory, gracious God, to Thee!  
We lift our eyes unto the hills,  
And lo! the blessed prophecy,  
By Thy strong arm, its course fulfills.

Thou might - y God, who didst of... old The psalm - ist's won-drous

song in - spire, Our hearts are glad that ev - 'ry age

Is touched by Thine im - mor - tal fire. A - men.

1 **T**HOU mighty God, who didst of old  
The psalmist's wondrous song inspire,  
Our hearts are glad that every age  
Is touched by Thine immortal fire.

2 We bless Thee for the radiant bands  
Whose voices sound from every shore,  
Making a music clear and sweet  
That man shall love for evermore.

3 How can we thank Thee, gracious God,  
For what no worth of ours has brought,

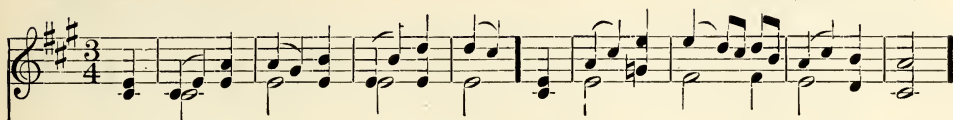
The heritage of faith and hope,  
The wiser vision, nobler thought ?

4 Our earth a deeper wonder shows,  
Our skies a mightier host reveal,  
The bells of God their changes ring  
With fuller chords and grander peal.

5 All things, O God, Thou makest new!  
From age to age Thy plastic hand  
Unceasing molds to fairer forms  
The worlds that rose at Thy command.

BROWNELL L. M. 61.

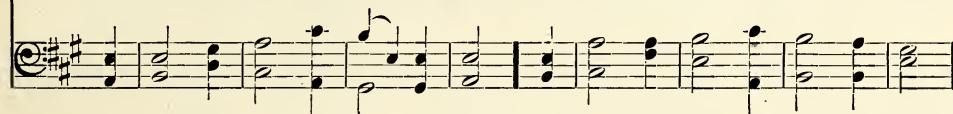
F. J. Haydn (1732-1809)



Bright ray whose wel-come, ver-nal beam, Un-locks the si - lent, froz-en stream,



Un-folds the ver-dant, leaf - y bow'r, And brings the yearn-ing bud to flow'r:



Thy min - is - try of light and cheer Comes to us from an - oth - er sphere. A-men.



1 **B**RIGHT ray whose welcome, vernal beam,

Unlocks the silent, frozen stream,  
Unfolds the verdant, leafy bower,  
And brings the yearning bud to flower:  
Thy ministry of light and cheer  
Comes to us from another sphere.

3 Upon our pathway, near or far  
Has beamed by night some guiding star;  
Dispelling darkness from our way  
Some human face has brought the day:  
As world in world attraction finds  
So heart to heart affection binds.

2 O ray of love whose genial art  
Unlocks the frigid, ice-bound heart,  
Unfolds our budding hope to flower  
And brings within the vernal hour:  
Some other life has touched our own,  
No longer moves our life alone.

4 Some higher life has stirred our own,  
Soft zephyrs from another zone;  
Some other heart has made to roll  
The tidal billows of the soul:  
Thy hand, O God! with thanks we see  
In all this angel ministry.

## ROCKINGHAM, OLD L. M.

E. Miller. 1790

O life that mak - eth all things new,— The bloom - ing earth, the  
thoughts of men! Our pil - grim feet, wet with Thy dew,  
In glad - ness hith - er turn.... a - gain. A - men.

- 1 **O** LIFE that maketh all things new,—  
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!  
Our pilgrim feet, wet with Thy dew,  
In gladness hither turn again.
- 2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,  
From eye to eye the signals run,  
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;  
The seekers of the Light are one.
- 3 One in the freedom of the truth,  
One in the joy of paths untrod,  
One in the heart's perennial youth,  
One in the larger thought of God.
- 4 The freer step, the fuller breath,  
The wide horizon's grander view,  
The sense of Life that knows no death,—  
The life that maketh all things new.

LOUVAN L. M.

V. C. Taylor, 1847

Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry

flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of

ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.

1 **L**ORD of all being, throned afar,  
 Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
 Centre and soul of every sphere,  
 Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray  
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
 Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;  
 Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;

Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;  
 All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
 Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
 We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
 And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
 Till all Thy living altars claim  
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.



HAMBURG L. M.

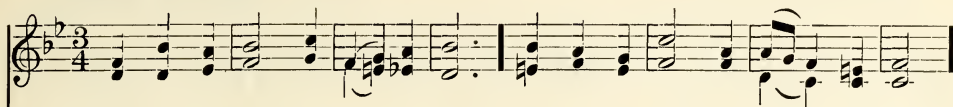
Arr. by L. Mason, 1824



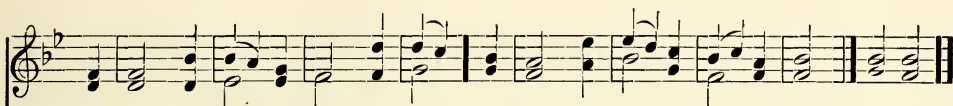
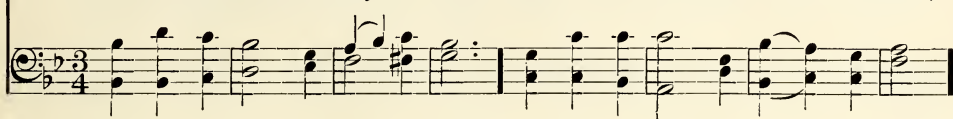
- 1 **O** SOMETIMES gleam upon our sight,  
Through present wrong, the eternal Right,  
And step by step, since time began,  
We see the steady gain of man.
- 2 That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common, daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.
- 3 Through the harsh noises of our day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;  
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,  
A light is breaking calm and clear.
- 4 Henceforth my soul shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore;  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now and here and everywhere.

GERMANY L. M.

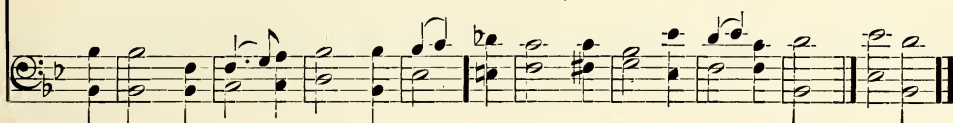
Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815



Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,



A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man A-men.



1 **W**HERE cross the crowded ways of life,  
Where sound the cries of race and clan,  
Above the noise of selfish strife,  
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,  
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,  
From paths where hide the lures of greed,  
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

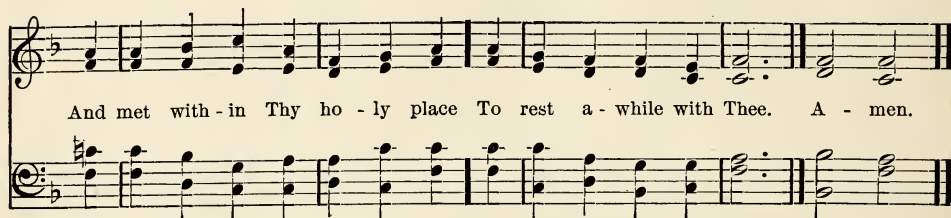
3 From tender childhood's helplessness,  
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,  
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,  
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee  
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;  
Yet long these multitudes to see  
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side  
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;  
Among these restless throngs abide,  
O tread the city's streets again;

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,  
And follow where Thy feet have trod;  
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,  
Shall come the City of our God.

ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

Abr. from John Daye's *Psalms*, 1562

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily tasks set free,  
And met within Thy holy place  
To rest awhile with Thee.
- 2 Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls  
In truth and patience wrought.
- 3 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea,  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by Thee.
- 4 Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know,  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
- 5 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done,  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,  
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton, 1870



TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

T. Tallis, 1565

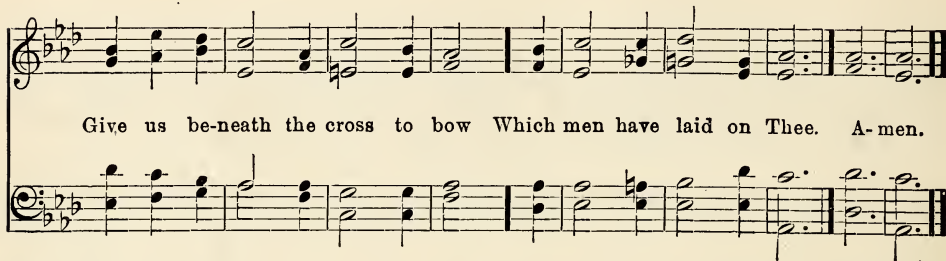
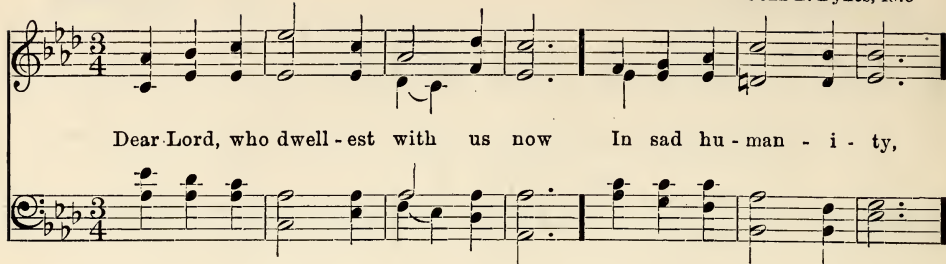
The plough-ing of the Lord is deep, On o - cean or on land;

His fur - rows cross the moun-tain steep, They cross the sea-washed sand. A - men.

- 1 **T**HE ploughing of the Lord is deep,  
On ocean or on land;  
His furrows cross the mountain-steep,  
They cross the sea-washed sand.
- 2 Wise men and prophets know not how,  
But work their Master's will;  
The kings and nations drag the plough  
His purpose to fulfill.
- 3 They work His will because they must,  
On hillside or on plain,  
Till clods are broken into dust,  
And ready for the grain.
- 4 Where prophets lone the deserts trod,  
Where monarchs dragged the plough,  
Behold the seed-time of his Word,  
The Sower comes to sow!

BEATITUDO C. M.

John B. Dykes, 1875



1 **D**EAR Lord, who dwellest with us now  
In sad humanity,  
Give us beneath the cross to bow  
Which men have laid on Thee.

2 When hunger calls to us for bread  
With childhood's piteous plea,  
Make us to know what Thou hast said  
Of those who give to Thee.

3 When stranger knocketh at our door  
For cheer and sympathy,  
Our hearts would warmest greetings pour,  
That we may welcome Thee.

4 When sick and sore-distressed appeal  
In man's infirmity,  
We'd haste the broken heart to heal  
That we may comfort Thee.

5 When captive lives in mortal pains  
Are clamoring to be free,  
We'd strike away the heavy chains  
That we may succor Thee.

6 And when at last all men become  
Sons of one family,  
Still in their midst will be Thy home,  
And there we'll dwell with Thee.

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

Edward J. Hopkins, 1869

O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, Who once ap-pear'dst in  
 hum-blest guise be - low, Sin to re - buke, to break the cap-tive's chain,  
 To call Thy breth - ren forth from want and woe,— A - men.

1 O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
 Who once appear'dst in humblest guise below,  
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
 To call Thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

2 Thee would I sing: Thy truth is still the light  
 Which guides the nations groping on their way,  
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou art the way  
 The holiest know,— light, life, and way of heaven;  
 And they who dearest hope and deepest pray  
 Toil by the truth, life, way that Thou hast given.

Theodore Parker, 1846, arr

TALLIS' CANON L. M.

T. Tallis, 1565

We move in faith to un - seen goals, We strive in pa - tience  
through the night Which weighs up - on our doubt - ful souls,  
To some great realm of love and light. A - men.

- 1 **W**E move in faith to unseen goals,  
We strive in patience through the night  
Which weighs upon our doubtful souls,  
To some great realm of love and light.
- 2 The task is heavy, stern the way,  
And hope is faint, and sight is weak;  
And oft the light of that great day  
Is lost to us, howe'er we seek.
- 3 For still the ignorance that kills,  
And still the hatreds that divide,  
And still the strife of warring wills,  
Subdue our strength, and check our pride.
- 4 But even as we fail, our aim  
Grows larger from our high attempt;  
And while we suffer love's large blame,  
And reason's most august contempt,
- 5 We grow in greatness of design,  
In higher powers of patient toil,  
In hopes that seize the secret sign  
Of far-off joys which nought may foil.

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832

The past is dark with sin and shame, The fu - ture

dim with doubt and fear; But, Fa - ther, yet we praise Thy

name, Whose guard - ian love is al - ways near. A - men.

1 **T**HE past is dark with sin and shame,  
The future dim with doubt and fear;  
But, Father, yet we praise Thy name,  
Whose guardian love is always near.

2 For man has striven, ages long,  
With faltering steps, to come to Thee;  
And, in each purpose high and strong,  
The influence of Thy grace could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,  
But Thou was't kinder than he dreamed

As age by age brought hopes more fair,  
And nearer still Thy kingdom seemed,

4 But never rose within his breast  
A trust so calm and deep as now:  
Shall not the weary find a rest?  
Father, Preserver, answer Thou!

5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,  
But through the shadow streams the sun:  
We cannot doubt Thy certain love;  
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!



Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer: Not for ease that pray'r shall be,

But for strength that we may ev - er Live our lives cour - age - ous - ly.

Not for ev - er in green pas - tures Do we ask our way to be;

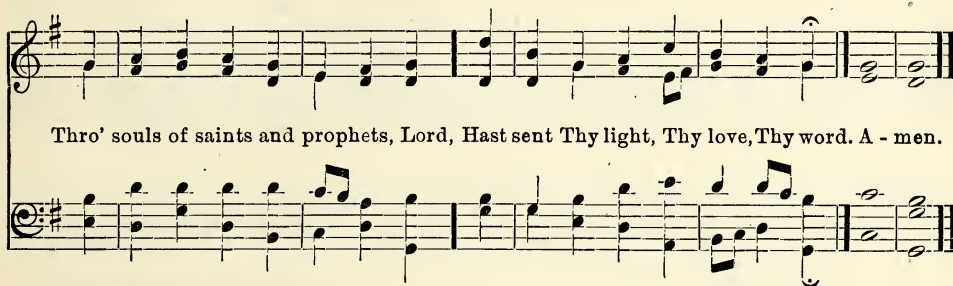
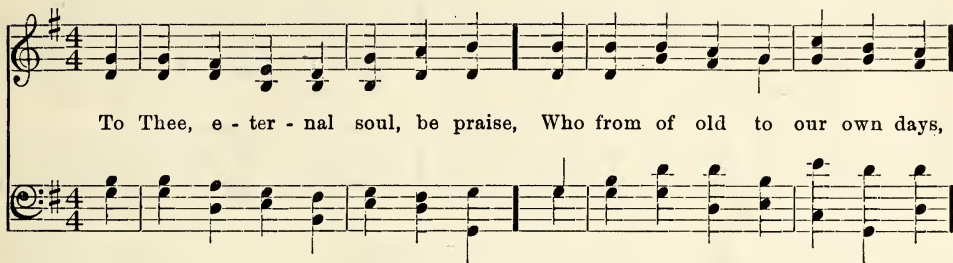
But the steep and rug - ged path - way May we tread re - joic - ing - ly. A - men.

1 **F**ATHER, hear the prayer we offer:  
 Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
 But for strength, that we may ever  
 Live our lives courageously.  
 Not forever in green pastures  
 Do we ask our way to be;  
 But the steep and rugged pathway  
 May we tread rejoicingly.

2 Not forever by still waters  
 Would we idly quiet stay,  
 But would smite the living fountains  
 From the rocks along our way.  
 Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
 In our wanderings be our guide;  
 Through endeavor, failure, danger,  
 Father, be Thou at our side!

## OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

L. Bourgeois, 1551



1 **T**O Thee, eternal soul, be praise,  
 Who from of old to our own days,  
 Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,  
 Hast sent Thy light, Thy love, Thy word.

2 We thank Thee for each mighty one  
 Through whom Thy living light hath shone;  
 And for each humble soul and sweet  
 That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

3 We thank Thee for the love divine  
 Made real in every saint of Thine;  
 That boundless love itself that gives  
 In service to each soul that lives.

4 Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure  
 That like Thy saints we may endure  
 Forever through Thy servants, Lord,  
 Send Thou Thy light, Thy love, Thy Word!

When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?

Not kings and lords, but na - tions, Not thrones and crowns, but men.

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they, Let them not pass like weeds a - way,

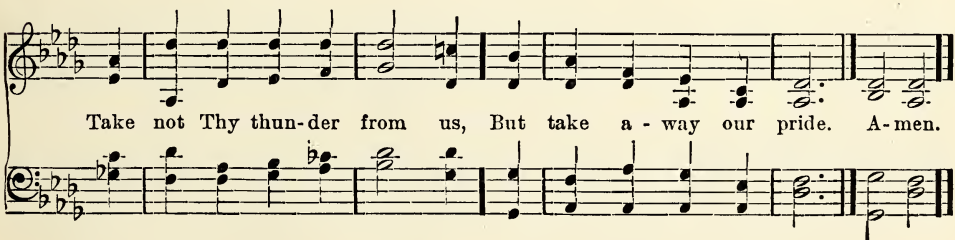
Let them not fade in sun-less day, God save the peo - ple. A-men.

- 1 **W**HEN wilt Thou save the people?  
 O God of mercy, when?  
 Not kings and lords, but nations,  
 Not thrones and crowns, but men.  
 Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they,  
 Let them not pass like weeds away,  
 Let them not fade in sunless day,  
 God save the people.
- 2 Shall crime bring crime forever,  
 Strength aiding still the strong?  
 Is it Thy will, O Father,  
 That man shall toil for wrong?  
 "No!" say the mountains; "No!" the skies;  
 "Man's clouded sun shall gladly rise,  
 And songs be heard instead of sighs."  
 God save the people.

- 3 When wilt Thou save the people?  
 O God of mercy, when?  
 The people, Lord, the people,  
 Not thrones and crowns, but men.  
 God save the people, Thine they are;  
 Thy children, as Thy angels fair,  
 From vice, oppression, and despair  
 God save the people.

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

H. Smart. 1867



1 O GOD of earth and altar  
Bow down and hear our cry,  
Our earthly rulers falter,  
Our people drift and die;  
The walls of gold entomb us,  
The swords of scorn divide,  
Take not Thy thunder from us,  
But take away our pride.

2 From all that terror teaches,  
From lies of tongue and pen,  
From all the easy speeches  
That comfort cruel men,

From sale and profanation  
Of honor and the sword,  
From sleep and from damnation,  
Deliver us, good Lord.

3 Tie in a living tether  
The priest and prince and thrall,  
Bind all our lives together,  
Smite us and save us all;  
In ire and exultation  
Aflame with faith, and free,  
Lift up a living nation,  
A single sword to Thee.



Not in dumb res - ig - na - tion We lift our hands on high;

Not like the nerve - less fat - al - ist Con - tent to trust and die.

Our faith springs like the ea - gle Who soars to meet the sun,

And cries ex - ult - ing un - to Thee O Lord, Thy will be done. A-men.

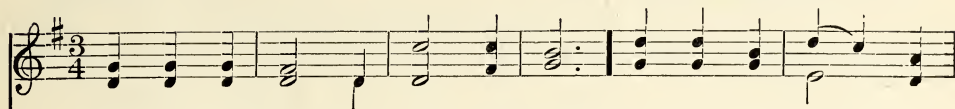
- 1 NOT in dumb resignation  
 We lift our hands on high;  
 Not like the nerveless fatalist  
 Content to trust and die.  
 Our faith springs like the eagle  
 Who soars to meet the sun,  
 And cries exulting unto Thee  
 O Lord, Thy will be done!
- 2 When tyrant feet are trampling  
 Upon the common weal,  
 Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe  
 Beneath the iron heel.

In Thy name we assert our right  
 By sword or tongue or pen,  
 And oft a people's wrath may flash  
 Thy message unto men.

- 3 Thy will! It strengthens weakness,  
 It bids the strong be just;  
 No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,  
 No brow to seek the dust.  
 Wherever man oppresses man  
 Beneath Thy liberal sun  
 O Lord be there Thine arm made bare,  
 Thy righteous will be done!



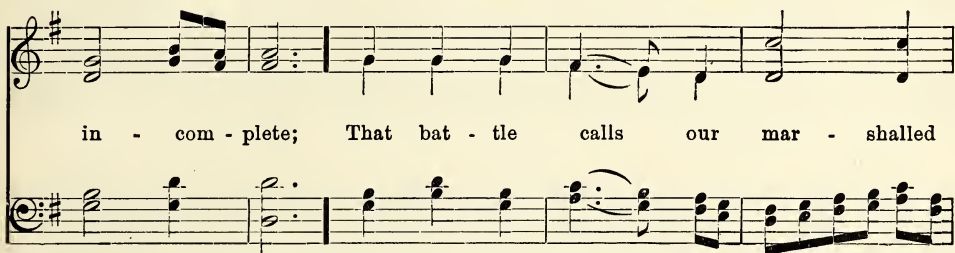
MOZART L. M.

Arr. from the Kyrie in the Twelfth Mass  
Attr. to Mozart

Cre - a - tion's Lord, we give Thee thanks That this Thy world is



in - com - plete; That bat - tle calls our mar - shalled



ranks, That work a - waits our hands and feet; A - men.



1 CREATIONS' Lord, we give Thee thanks  
That this Thy world is incomplete;  
That battle calls our marshalled ranks,  
That work awaits our hands and feet;

2 That Thou hast not yet finished man,  
That we are in the making still,—  
As friends who share the Maker's plan,  
As sons who know the Father's will.

3 Beyond the present sin and shame,  
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight,

We see the beckoning vision flame.  
The blessed Kingdom of the Right.

4 What though the Kingdom long delay,  
And still with haughty foes must cope?  
It gives us that for which to pray,  
A field for toil and faith and hope.

5 Since what we choose is what we are,  
And what we love we yet shall be,  
The goal may ever shine afar,—  
The will to win it makes us free.

ST. GEORGE'S WINDSOR Eight 7s.

G. J. Elvey, 1858

Men, whose boast it is that ye Come of fa-ther's brave and free,

If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru-ly free and brave?

If ye do not feel the chain When it works a broth-er's pain,

Are ye not base slaves in-deed, Slaves un-worth-y to be freed? A-men.

1 **M**EN, whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain  
When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

2 Is true freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And with leathern hearts forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?

No; true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free.

3 They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John Zundel, 1870

Once to ev - 'ry man and na - tion Comes the mo - ment to de - cide,

In the strife of truth with false-hood, For the good or e - vil side;

Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah, Of - fring each the bloom or blight,

And the choice goes by for - ev - er Twixt that dark-ness and that light. A-men.

1 ONCE to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth with falsehood,  
For the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
Offering each the bloom or blight,  
And the choice goes by forever  
Twixt that darkness and that light.

2 Then to side with truth is noble,  
When we share her wretched crust,  
Ere her cause bring fame and profit.  
And 'tis prosperous to be just;  
Then it is the brave man chooses,  
While the coward stands aside  
Till the multitude make virtue  
Of the faith they had denied.

3 By the light of burning martyrs  
Jesus' bleeding feet I track,  
Toiling up new Calvaries ever  
With the cross that turns not back;  
New occasions teach new duties,  
Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward.  
Who would keep abreast of truth.

4 Though the cause of evil prosper,  
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;  
Though her portion be the scaffold,  
And upon the throne be wrong,—  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow  
Keeping watch above His own.

ROCKINGHAM NEW L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830

Spir - it of God, in thun - der speak To rouse us from our

slug - gish joy; Our soft con - tent ac - curs - ed make,

Our peace with sharp - est pain al - loy. A - men.

- 1 SPIRIT of God, in thunder speak  
To rouse us from our sluggish joy;  
Our soft content accurséd make,  
Our peace with sharpest pain alloy.
- 2 Bid us go forth where doubt hath wrung  
Man's hope from out his aching breast;  
Where all is dark, and for his feet  
Far-wandering, there is no rest.
- 3 Wherever right her flag unfurls,  
And justice shows a better way,  
Where truth and freedom spurn the night,  
And hail the burnished spears of day,—
- 4 There be our place! O there be heard  
Thy voice a clarion ringing clear,—  
To rouse the sleepers, wake the dead,  
And stay the faint with hope and cheer.

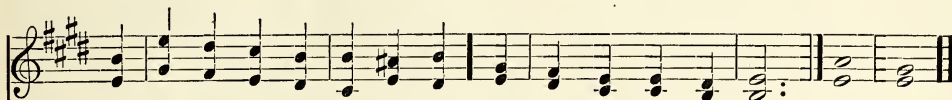


DUNDEE C. M.

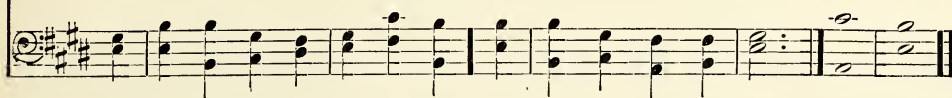
Scottish Psalter, 1564



Rise, God! judge Thou the earth in might, This wick - ed earth re - dress!



For Thou art He who shall by right The na - tions all pos - sess. A - men.



1 **R**ISE, God! judge Thou the earth in might,  
This wicked earth redress!

For Thou art He who shall by right  
The nations all possess.

2 Before Thee righteousness shall go,  
Thy royal harbinger;  
Then wilt Thou come, and not be slow;  
Thy footsteps cannot err.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
Shall bud and blossom then,  
And justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down on mortal men.

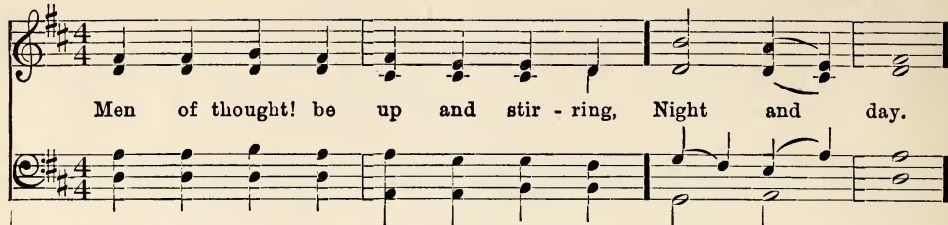
4 The nations all whom Thou hast made  
Shall come, and all shall frame  
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,  
And glorify Thy name.

5 For great Thou art, and wonders great  
By Thy strong hand are done;  
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,  
Remainest God alone.

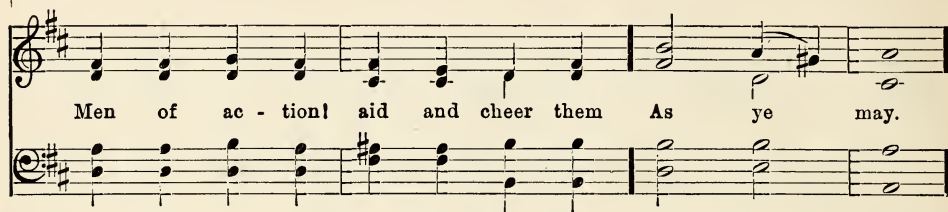


TEMPLE 8. 3. 8. 3. 8. 8. 3.

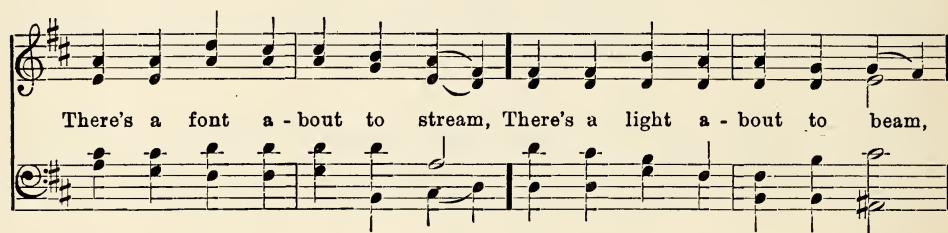
Edward J. Hopkins, 1867



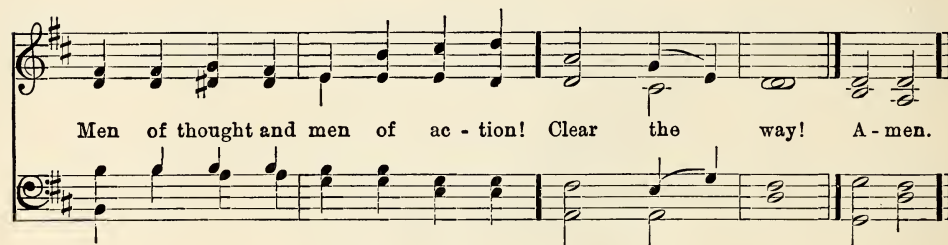
Men of thought! be up and stir - ring, Night and day.



Men of ac - tion! aid and cheer them As ye may.



There's a font a - bout to stream, There's a light a - bout to beam,



Men of thought and men of ac - tion! Clear the way! A - men.

1 **M**EN of thought! be up and stirring,  
 Night and day.  
 Men of action! aid and cheer them  
 As ye may.  
 There's a font about to stream,  
 There's a light about to beam,  
 Men of thought and men of action!  
 Clear the way!

2 Once the welcome light has broken,  
 Who shall say  
 What the unimagined glories  
 Of the day?  
 Aid the dawning, tongue and pen,  
 Aid it, arms of honest men,  
 And the evil all shall vanish  
 In its ray.

3 Lo! the Right's about to conquer,  
 Clear the way!  
 And a brazen wrong to crumble  
 Into clay.  
 With the Right shall many more  
 Enter smiling at the door;  
 And the clouds of wrong be scattered  
 From the day.

4 We have seen the blackness changing  
 Into grey;  
 We now see the hosts assemble  
 For the fray.  
 With the giant Wrong shall fall  
 Many others great and small  
 Men of thought and men of action!  
 Clear the way!

MOULTRIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

G. F. Cobb

Haste, O haste, de - light - ful morn - ing Of that glo - rious free - dom day.

When from earth's re - mot - est bord - ers Ty - ran - ny has passed a - way.

## REFRAIN.

Ev - er grow - ing, Swift - ly flow - ing Like a might - y riv - er,

Sweep - ing on from shore to shore, Love will rule the wide world o'er. A - men.

1 **H**ASTE, O haste, delightful morning  
Of that glorious freedom day,  
When from earth's remotest borders  
Tyranny has passed away.

*Refrain:*—Ever growing, swiftly flowing  
Like a mighty river,  
Sweeping on from shore to shore,  
Love will rule the wide world o'er.

2 When we shall for service render  
Service of an equal worth,

Then will all mankind be brothers,  
Heaven will then have come to earth.

3 In that day there'll be no master,  
No man that will serve as slave,  
All mankind a band of brothers,  
Friends, the name that all will have.

4 Cruel war will then be over,  
And the olive branch of peace,  
Will from shame and hate and murder  
Bring to all a sweet release.

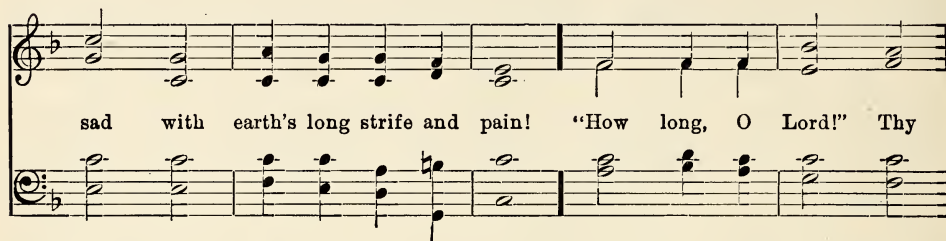
Samuel M. Jones  
("Golden Rule" Jones)

LANGRAN 10. 10. 10. 10.

James Langran, 1862



"Thy king-dom come!" O Lord, we dai-ly cry, Wea-ry and



sad with earth's long strife and pain! "How long, O Lord!" Thy



suff-ering chil-dren sigh, "Speed Thou the dawn, and o'er the na-tion reign!" A-men.

- 1 "THY kingdom come!" O Lord, we daily cry,  
Weary and sad with earth's long strife and pain!  
"How long, O Lord!" Thy suffering children sigh,  
"Speed Thou the dawn, and o'er the nations reign!"
- 2 Thy kingdom come! then all the din of war  
Like some dark dream shall vanish with the night!  
Peace, holy peace, her myriad gifts shall pour,  
Resting secure from danger and affright.
- 3 Thy kingdom come! no more shall deeds of shame  
Brutish and base, destroy the soul divine:  
Bright with Thy love's all-purifying flame  
Thy human temples evermore shall shine!
- 4 Thy kingdom come! mad greed for wealth and power  
No more shall grind the weaklings in the dust;  
Then mind and strength shall share Thy ample dower,  
Brothers in Thee, and one in equal trust.

ST. CECILIA 6. 6. 6. 6.

Leighton G. Hayne, 1863

Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Wide - cir - cling as the sun;

Ful - fil of old Thy word And make the na - tions one; A-men.

1 **T**HY kingdom come, O Lord,  
 Wide-circling as the sun;  
 Fulfil of old Thy word  
 And make the nations one;—

2 One in the bond of peace,  
 The service glad and free  
 Of truth and righteousness,  
 Of love and equity.

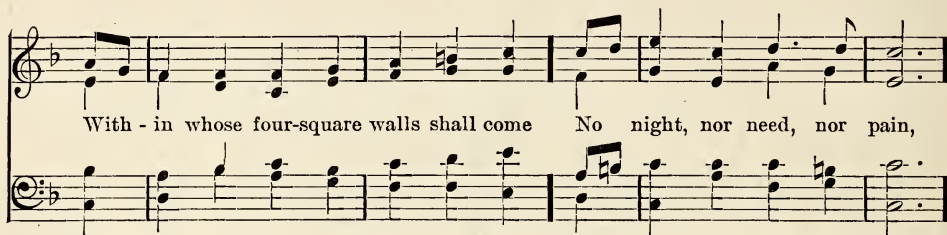
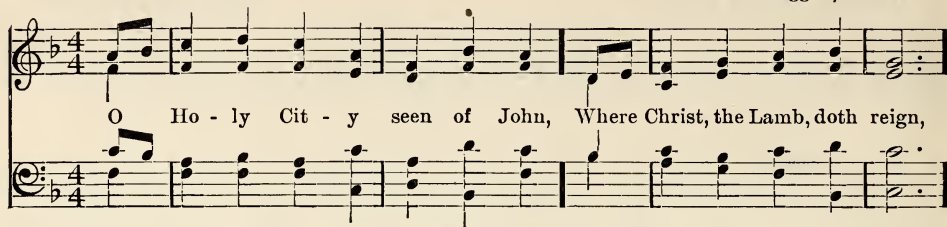
3 Speed, speed the longed-for time  
 Foretold by raptured seers—  
 The prophecy sublime,  
 The hope of all the years;—

4 Till rise at last, to span  
 Its firm foundations broad,  
 The commonwealth of man,  
 The city of our God.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1905.

MORWELLHAM 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Charles H. Steggall, 1826-1905



1 **O** HOLY City seen of John,  
Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,  
Within whose four-square walls shall come  
No night, nor need, nor pain,  
And where the tears are wiped from eyes  
That shall not weep again!

2 Hark, how from men whose lives are held  
More cheap than merchandise,  
From women struggling sore for bread,  
From little children's cries,  
There swells the sobbing human plaint  
That bids thy walls arise!

3 O shame to us who rest content  
While lust and greed for gain  
In street and shop and tenement  
Wring gold from human pain,  
And bitter lips in blind despair  
Cry—"Christ hath died in vain!"

4 Give us, O God, the strength to build  
The City that hath stood  
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,  
Whose ways are brotherhood,  
And where the sun that shineth is  
God's grace for human good.

5 Already in the mind of God  
That City riseth fair,—  
Lo, how its splendor challenges  
The souls that greatly dare,—  
Yea, bids us seize the whole of life  
And build its glory there!

W. Russell Bowie, 1909



RIIS 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Percy Lee Atherton, 1913

Lord God of Time, look down and bless Thy peo - ple as with ea - ger - ness

The New Year we a - wait; Bid noise and shout and discord cease, That for the moment,

rev-'rent peace Our souls may dom-i - nate, Our souls may dom-i - nate. A-men.

Copyright, 1913, by Percy Lee Atherton

- 1 **L**ORD GOD of Time, look down and bless  
 Thy people as with eagerness  
 The New Year we await;  
 Bid noise and shout and discord cease,  
 That, for the moment, reverent peace  
 Our souls may dominate.

- 2 Our Island City fair doth lie—  
 Her towers rise white against the sky;  
 Make us her guardians true,  
 That we may uproot all that mars  
 And blurs her vision of the stars  
 And hides her Heaven blue.

- 3 The Year approaching is our own—  
 Within its bounds, lie foes unknown;  
 Lord, who didst conquer sin,  
 Give us new courage for the fight,  
 To crush the Wrong, uphold the Right  
 And in the end—to win.

Copyright, 1913, by Jean Dwight Franklin

## WILD BELLS L. M. D.

Henry Lahee

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild, wild sky, The fly - ing cloud, the frost-y light:

The year is dy - ing in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, hap - py bells, a - cross the snow;

The year is go - ing, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. A-men.

1 **R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild, wild  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:[sky,  
 The year is dying in the night;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.  
 Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

2 Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

3 Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.  
 Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LYONS 10. 10. 12. 12.

William Pearson Merrill

Arr. from Michael Haydn, 1770

1. We knelt be - fore kings; we bent be - fore lords;  
 2. We cringed be - fore gold; we de - i - fied wealth;  
 3. The strength of the state we'll lav - ish on more  
 4. Great Day of Je - ho - vah, pro - phets and seers

For theirs were the crowns, and theirs were the swords:  
 We laid on its al - tar the life and the health  
 Than mak - ing of wealth and mak - ing of war;  
 Have sung of thy com - ing thou - sands of years;

But the times of the bend - ing and bow - ing are past,  
 Of man - hood and wo - mau - hood, child - hood and youth:  
 We are learn - ing at last, though the les - son comes late,  
 Thank God for each sign that the dark night is past;

And the day of the peo - ple is dawn - ing at last!  
 But its lord - ship is doomed in this day of the truth.  
 That the mak - ing of man is the task of the state.  
 And the day of the peo - ple is dawn - ing at last! A - men.

CAROL C. M. D.

R. Storrs Willis, 1849

It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an-gels bending  
near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-  
gracious King!" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing. A - men.

- 1 IT came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's all-gracious King!"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world,  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds  
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife,  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;

- And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring:  
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing!
- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
O rest beside the weary road  
And hear the angels sing!
- 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1850



SMILEY 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

J. Summers

Through cen - tu - ries of sin and woe Hath streamed the crim-son flood,

While man, in con - cert with the foe, Hath shed his broth-er's blood.

Now lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace, And let the cru-el war - cry cease. A-men.

- 1 **T**HROUGH centuries of sin and woe  
Hath streamed the crimson flood,  
While man, in concert with the foe,  
Hath shed his brother's blood.  
Now lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
And let the cruel war-cry cease.
- 2 In vain, mid clamors loud and rude,  
Thy servants seek repose,  
See, day by day, the strife renewed,  
And brethren turned to foes.  
Then lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
Make wrong among Thy subjects cease.
- 3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour  
Their loud, unanswered cry;  
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,  
And want forgotten lie.  
Lift high Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
Let hatred die and love increase.
- 4 Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love;  
O send it all abroad,  
Till every heart submissive prove,  
And bless the reigning God.  
Come, lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
And give the weary world release.



Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts, Let there be

wis - dom on the earth! Let broad hu - man - i - ty have

birth! Let there be deeds, in - stead of boasts! A - men.

1 **L**ET there be light, Lord God of Hosts!  
 Let there be wisdom on the earth!  
 Let broad humanity have birth!  
 Let there be deeds, instead of boasts!

2 Within our passionate hearts instill  
 The calm that endeth strain and strife;  
 Make us Thy ministers of life;  
 Purge us from lusts that curse and kill!

3 Give us the peace of vision clear  
 To see our brothers' good our own,  
 To joy and suffer not alone:  
 The love that casteth out all fear!

4 Let woe and waste of warfare cease,  
 That useful labor yet may build  
 Its homes with love and laughter filled!  
 God, give Thy wayward children peace!

## RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 9.

Alexis von Lwoff, 1833

God the all - mer - ci - ful, earth hath for - sak - en Thy ways of

bles - ed - ness, slight-ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a -

wak - en; Give to us peace in Thy time, O Lord A-men.

- 1 GOD the all-merciful, earth hath forsaken  
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;  
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;  
Give to us peace in Thy time, O Lord.
- 2 God the all-righteous One! Man hath defied Thee,  
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;  
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;  
Give to us peace in Thy time, O Lord.
- 3 God the all-pitiful! is it not crying—  
Blood of the guiltless, like water out-poured?  
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;  
Give to us peace in Thy time, O Lord.
- 4 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,  
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;  
Through the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening;  
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
- 5 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,  
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,  
Shouting, in chorus from ocean to ocean,  
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. from Robert Schumann

Send down Thy truth, O God, Too long the shadows frown,

Too long the dark-ened way we've trod, Thy truth, O Lord, send down. A-men.

- 1 SEND down Thy truth, O God,  
Too long the shadows frown,  
Too long the darkened way we've trod,  
Thy truth, O Lord, send down.
- 2 Send down Thy Spirit free,  
Till wilderness and town  
One temple for Thy worship be—  
Thy Spirit, O send down.
- 3 Send down Thy love, Thy life,  
Our lesser lives to crown,  
And cleanse them of their hate and strife—  
Thy living love send down.
- 4 Send down Thy peace, O Lord;  
Earth's bitter voices drown  
In one deep ocean of accord—  
Thy peace, O God, send down.

ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866

God of the na - tions, near and far, Rul - er of all man - kind,

Bless Thou Thy peo - ple as they strive The paths of peace to find. A - men.

- 1 GOD of the nations, near and far,  
Ruler of all mankind,  
Bless Thou Thy people as they strive  
The paths of peace to find.
- 2 The clash of arms still shakes the sky,  
King battles still with king—  
Wild through the frightened air of night  
The bloody tocsins ring.
- 3 But clearer far the friendly speech  
Of scientists and seers,  
The wise debate of statesmen and  
The shouts of pioneers.
- 4 And stronger far the clasped hands  
Of labor's teeming throngs,  
Who in a hundred tongues repeat  
Their common creeds and songs.
- 5 From shore to shore the peoples call  
In loud and sweet acclaim,  
The gloom of land and sea is lit  
With Pentecostal flame.
- 6 O Father! from the curse of war  
We pray Thee give release,  
And speed, O speed the blessed day  
Of justice, love and peace.

WINCHESTER, NEW L. M.

Alt. fr. Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690

O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars through-out the  
world to cease; The wrath of sin - ful man re - strain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain! A - men.

- 1 **O** GOD of love, O King of peace,  
Make wars throughout the world to cease;  
The wrath of sinful man restrain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
- 2 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?  
Nor ever call on Thee in vain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
- 3 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told;  
Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
Give peace, O God, give peace again!



EDEN GROVE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel Smith, 1874

And is the time ap-proach - ing, By pro - phets long fore - told,

When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?

Shall ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown?

And ev - 'ry pray'r be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone? A men.

1 **A**ND is the time approaching,  
 By prophets long foretold,  
 When all shall dwell together,  
 One Shepherd and one fold?  
 Shall every idol perish,  
 To moles and bats be thrown?  
 And every prayer be offered  
 To God in Christ alone?

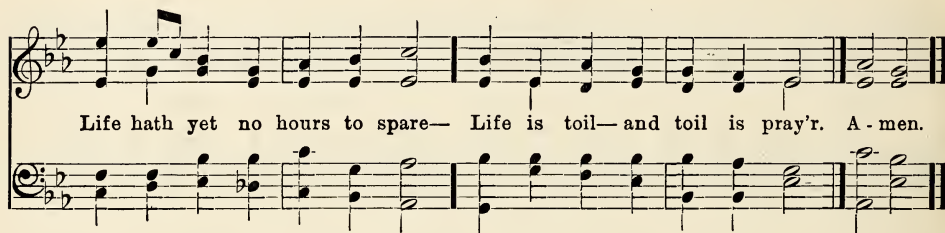
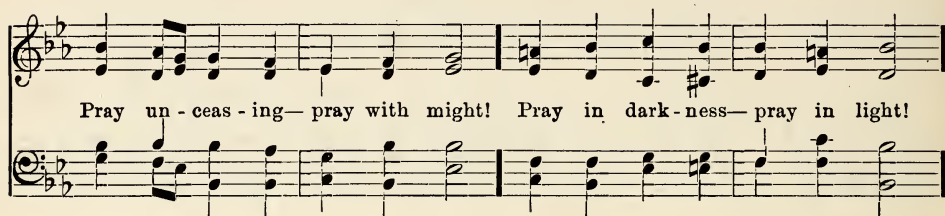
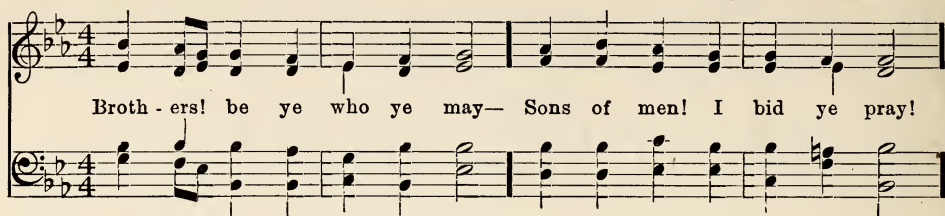
2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting  
 From many a distant shore,  
 Around one altar kneeling,  
 One common Lord adore?  
 Shall all that now divides us  
 Remove, and pass away  
 Like shadows of the morning  
 Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us  
 More sweet and lasting prove,  
 A closer bond of union  
 In a blest land of love?  
 Shall war be learned no longer?  
 Shall strife and tumult cease?  
 All earth His blessed kingdom,  
 The Lord and Prince of Peace!

4 O long-expected dawning  
 Come with thy cheering ray;  
 When shall the morning brighten,  
 The shadows flee away?  
 O sweet anticipation!  
 It cheers the watchers on  
 To pray and hope and labor,  
 Till the dark night be gone.

BREAD OF HEAVEN Six 7s.

William D. MacLagan, 1875



- 1 **BROTHERS!** be ye who ye may—  
     Sons of men! I bid ye pray!  
     Pray unceasing—pray with might!  
     Pray in darkness—pray in light!  
     Life hath yet no hours to spare—  
     Life is toil—and toil is prayer.
- 2 Life is toil, and all that lives,  
     Sacrifice of labor gives!  
     Water, fire, and air, and earth,  
     Rest not, pause not, from their birth,  
     Sacred toil doth nature share—  
     Love and labor—work is prayer.
- 3 Patriot! toiling for thy kind!  
     Thou shalt break the chains that bind!  
     Shape thy thought and mold thy plan,  
     Toil for freedom—toil for man!  
     Sagely think and boldly dare—  
     Labor! labor! work is prayer!
- 4 Brother! round thee brothers stand—  
     Pledge thy truth, and give thy hand—  
     Raise the downcast—help the weak,  
     Toil for good—for virtue speak;  
     Let thy brethren be thy care—  
     Labor! labor! work is prayer!

FORTITUDE P. M.

David S. Smith

Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift. Shun

not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift. Be strong, be strong! A - men.

Be strong, be strong!

Copyright, 1905, by Jennings &amp; Graham

1 **BE** strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
 We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
 Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.  
 Be strong, be strong!

## 2 Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?  
 And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!  
 Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

## 3 Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,  
 How hard the battle goes, the day, how long;  
 Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons

MARYTON L. M.

H. Percy Smith, 1874

O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly  
paths of serv - ice free; Tell me Thy se - cret; help me  
bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - men.

- 1 **O** MASTER, let me walk with Thee  
In lowly paths of service free;  
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear  
The strain of toil, the fret of care.
- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear winning word of love,  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee  
In closer, dearer company,  
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong;
- 4 In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way;  
In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

DAYBREAK 8. 7. 8. 7.

Mendelssohn

Earth is wak - ing, day is break - ing! Dark - ness

from the hills has flown; Pale with ter - ror, tremb - ling

er - ror Flies for - ev - er from her throne! A - men.

- 1 **E**ARTH is waking, day is breaking !  
 Darkness from the hills has flown;  
 Pale with terror, trembling error  
 Flies forever from her throne!
- 2 Up, to labor, friend and neighbor;  
 Hope and work with all thy might.  
 Heaven is near thee, God will see thee,  
 He doth ever bless the right.
- 3 Earth is waking, day is breaking!  
 Fellow toiler bend thine ear;  
 Hear ye not the angels speaking  
 Words of love and words of cheer?
- 4 Then to labor, friend and neighbor,  
 With thy soul's resistless might;  
 Never fear thee, God is near thee,  
 He doth ever bless the right.



ST. MAGNUS C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1708

Al - might - y God, be - neath whose eye No

spar - row falls in vain, Who giv - eth free to

high and low The sun - shine and the rain; A - men.

1 **A**LMIGHTY God, beneath whose eye  
No sparrow falls in vain,  
Who giveth free to high and low  
The sunshine and the rain;

2 Amid the darkness of our days  
We turn to Thee for light,  
And to Thy will, we make appeal  
For Justice and for Right.

3 Behold, O God, the myriad throngs  
Who toil from sun to sun,  
The bondmen of the forge and shaft  
Whose tasks are never done;

4 Behold them pile, in sweat and tears,  
The wealth of kingly lands,  
And in their hours of patient prayer  
To Thee lift empty hands.

5 The wandering sunbeams meet them not,  
The breezes pass them by,  
Fettered in mine and mill and slum,  
They captive live and die.

6 For them no poet dreams his dream,  
No prophet speaks his word,  
The raptured song of saint and seer  
Trembles and thrills unheard.

7 Almighty God, behold Thy will  
Flouted and scorned and shamed;  
Behold these children of Thy heart  
Burdened and robbed and maimed;

8 Lift high Thy sword of love, and smite  
The greed of power and place,  
And to the least of these restore  
The bounties of Thy grace.

## CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

J. W. Elliott. (1833- )

From street and square, from hill and glen, Of this vast world be -

yond my door, I hear the tread of march - ing men,

The pa - tient arm - ies of the poor. A - men.

- 1 FROM street and square, from hill and glen,  
Of this vast world beyond my door,  
I hear the tread of marching men,  
The patient armies of the poor.
- 2 Not ermine-clad or clothed in state,  
Their title-deeds not yet made plain,  
But waking early, toiling late,  
The heirs of all the earth remain.
- 3 The peasant brain shall yet be wise,  
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;  
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,  
And work in peace Time's wondrous will.
- 4 Some day, without a trumpet's call  
This news will o'er the world be blown:  
"The heritage comes back to all!  
The myriad monarchs take their own!"

MANOAH C. M.

Authorship uncertain

We met them on the com - mon way, They passed and  
gave no sign,..... The he - roes that had lost the  
day, The fail - ures half di - vine..... A - men.

- 1 **W**E met them on the common way,  
They passed and gave no sign,—  
The heroes that had lost the day,  
The failures half-divine.
- 2 Ranged in a quiet place we see  
Their mighty ranks contain  
Figures too great for victory,  
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.
- 3 Here are earth's splendid failures, come  
From glorious foughten fields;  
Some bear the wounds of combat, some  
Are prone upon their shields.
- 4 To us that still do battle here,  
If we in aught prevail,  
Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,  
Or strength, like theirs, to fail!

Hail the He - ro work - ers of the might-y Past! They whose la-bor build - ed  
all the things that last. Tho'ts of wis - est mean - ing; deeds of no - blest right;  
Pa-tient toil in weak-ness; bat-tles in the night; Hail, then, no-ble work - ers,  
build-ers of the Past, All whose lives have blest us with the gains that last. A - men.

1 **H**AIL the Hero workers of the mighty Past!  
They whose labor builded all the things that last.  
Thoughts of wisest meaning; deeds of noblest right;  
Patient toil in weakness; battles in the night;  
Hail, then, noble workers, builders of the Past,  
All whose lives have blest us with the gains that last.

2 Hail ye, Hero workers, who to-day do hear  
Duty's myriad voices sounding high and clear;  
Ye who quick responding, haste ye to your task,  
Be it grand or simple, ye forget to ask!  
Hail ye, noble workers, builders of to-day,  
Who life's treasure gather, that shall last away.

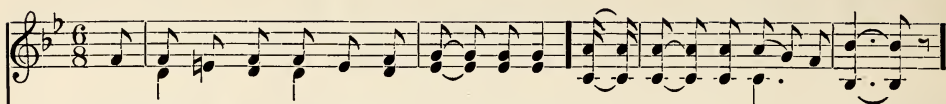
3 Hail ye, Hero workers, ye who yet shall come,  
When to this world's calling all our lips are dumb!  
Ye shall build more nobly if our work be true  
As we pass Life's treasure on from Old to New.  
Hail ye, then, all workers, of all lands and time,  
One brave band of Heroes with one task sublime.



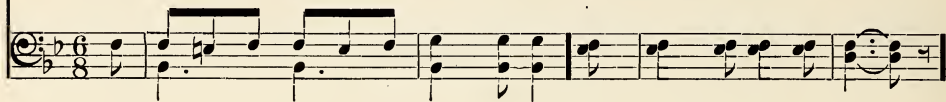
## THE DAY OF THE LORD P. M.

Charles Kingsley

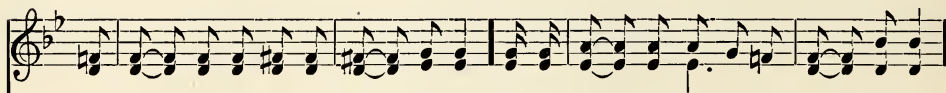
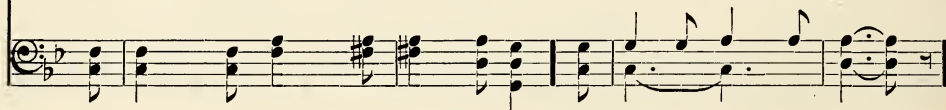
Edward Carpenter



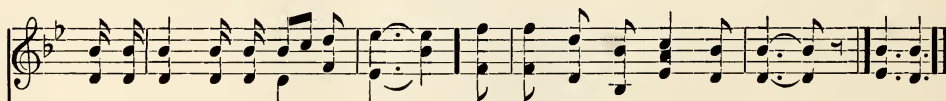
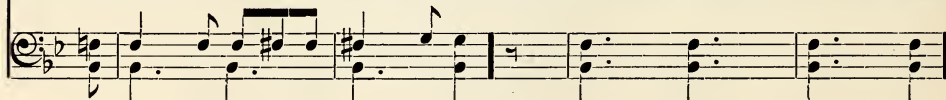
1. The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand! Its storms roll up the sky;
2. Gath-er you, gath-er you, an-gels of God, Freedom and mercy and truth;
3. Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold, While the Lord of all ages is here?



The na-tions sleep starving on heaps of gold; All dream-ers toss and sigh;  
 O come! for the earth is grown coward and old; Come down and renew us her youth.  
 True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God, And those who can suffer can dare,

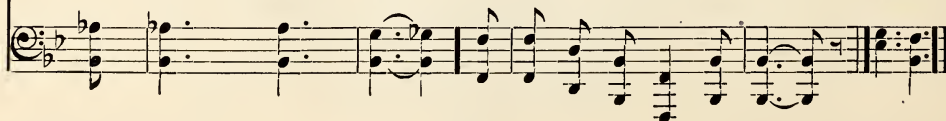


The night is dark-est be-fore the morn; When the pain is sor-est, the child is born,  
 Wisdom, self sac-ri-fice, dar-ing and love, Haste to the bat-tle-field, stoop from above  
 Each old age of gold was an iron age too, And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do



And the Day of the Lord at hand, The Day of the Lord at hand.  
 To the Day of the Lord at hand, The Day of the Lord at hand.  
 In the Day of the Lord at hand, The Day of the Lord at hand.

A-men.





RADIANCE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry Smart

Soul! look forth where shines the Fu - ture! Lo! where march in ra - diant lines

Glo - rious hosts with snow-white ban-ners-- Ban - ners bright with glo - rious signs;

Gleams the press, in gold - en glo - ry, Shines the plow, in silk - en pride;

Waves a - loft the flash - ing an - vil, Floats the pon-d'rous sledge be-side. A-men.

1 SOUL! look forth where shines the Future!

Lo! where march in radiant lines  
 Glorious hosts with snow-white banners—  
 Banners bright with glorious signs;  
 Gleams the press, in golden glory,  
 Shines the plow, in silken pride;  
 Waves aloft the flashing anvil,  
 Floats the ponderous sledge beside.

3 Gleam with golden grain the deserts—  
 Shine the swamps with flowers bright.  
 Still march on those glorious armies—  
 Wave their flags in radiant light.  
 Ocean's forms to them are playthings,  
 Chained the earth, and fire, and air;  
 Merry rings their loud-voiced anthem—  
 "Labor! Labor! work is prayer."

2 Stalwart men, with limbs of iron,  
 Bear those gleaming flags above;  
 Men with lips and eyes of gladness—  
 Valiant souls and hearts of love.  
 Rings o'er earth a loud hosanna—  
 Soar to heaven those banners fair;  
 Hark! th' eternal conclave echoes—  
 "Labor! Labor! work is prayer."

4 Following close these conquering armies—  
 Dancing on with happy feet— [children  
 White-armed maids and flower-crowned  
 Haste those warrior men to greet—  
 Hands are clasped in holiest union;  
 Joy, like incense, soars above.  
 Hail! thrice hail! th' industrial armies!  
 Hail th' Immortal Strife of Love!

## CHRISTMAS C. M.

G. F. Händel, 1728

God's trum - pet wakes the slum - b'ring world; Now each man to his

post! The red - cross ban - ner is un - furled; Who

joins the glo - rious host? Who joins the glo - rious host? A - men.

1 GOD'S trumpet wakes the slumbering  
Now each man to his post! [world;  
The red-cross banner is unfurled;  
Who joins the glorious host?

2 He who, in fealty to the truth,  
And counting all the cost,  
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—  
He joins the noble host.

3 He who, no anger on his tongue,  
Nor any idle boast,  
Bears steadfast witness 'gainst the wrong,  
He joins the sacred host.

4 He who, with calm, undaunted will  
Ne'er counts the battle lost,  
But, though defeated, battles still,—  
He joins the faithful host.

5 He who is ready for the cross,  
The cause despised loves most,  
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,  
He joins the martyr host.

6 God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world;  
Now each man to his post;  
The red-cross banner is unfurled;  
We join the glorious host.

LABAN S. M.

L. Mason, 1830

Make haste, O man, to live, Fling ease and self a - way;

Time hur-ries past thee like the breeze, Up, watch, and work and pray! A-men.

- 1 **M**AKE haste, O man, to live,  
Fling ease and self away;  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,—  
Up, watch, and work and pray!
- 2 To breathe and wake and sleep,  
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,  
To move in idleness through earth,—  
This, this is not to live.
- 3 The useful, not the great,  
The thing that never dies,  
The silent toil that is not lost,—  
Set these before thine eyes.
- 4 The seed whose leaf and flower,  
Though poor in human sight,  
Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,  
Sow thou by day and night.
- 5 Up, then, with speed, and work;  
Fling ease and self away;  
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,—  
Up, watch, and work and pray!

## THE MASTER OF MEN P. M.

George E. Day, 1912

Constance Mills Herreshoff, 1913

1. O Mas - ter of the cal - lous hand, The work - shop and the  
 2. O rug - ged Mas - ter of the hills, The des - ert and the

bench and plane, We know that Thou canst un - der - stand Our  
 storm - swept sea, Our ea - ger heart re - spon - sive thrills In

hopes, our la - bors and our pain, Our la - bors and our pain.  
 our en - larg - ing thought of Thee. En - larg - ing thought of Thee.

We see the drops of hon - est toil With which Thy hard - y  
 Thou lov - edst well the o - pen road, The pil - grim staff, the

# Labor and Conflict

face was wet, And in Thy beau - ty - lov - ing eye The  
pil - grim load, As o'er the hills of Pal - es - tine, Be -

crafts - man's kind - ling pleas - ure glow To see the fin - ished  
neath the parch - ing east - ern blaze Those ea - ger, tire - less

work put by, The joy that pa - tient work - men know; We  
feet of Thine Trod joy - ous - ly the crowd - ed days, To

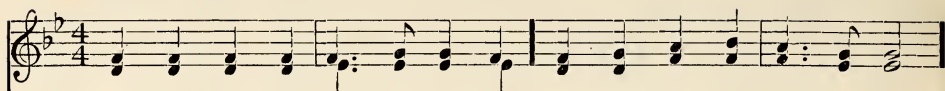
an - swer glad - ly to Thy call, O Mas - ter Work - man  
min - is - ter to hu - man need, Thou Sav - iour of the

of us all: O Mas - ter Work - man of us all.  
world, in - deed, Thou Sav - iour of the world, in - deed. A - men.

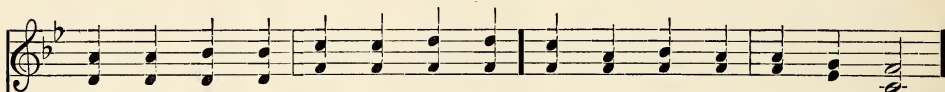
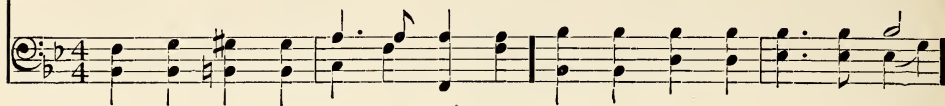


ARMOR OF LIGHT 8. 7. 8. 7. D. *With Refrain*

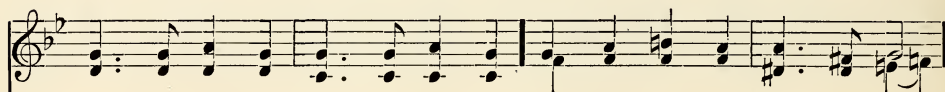
Frank Lynes



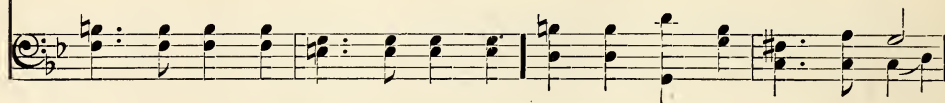
Hast thou heard it, O my broth-er, Hast thou heard the trum - pet sound?



Loud - ly call - ing each the oth - er, War - rior hosts thy life sur - round.



Hark! the tides of bat - tle roll - ing Fill the wide world like a sea;

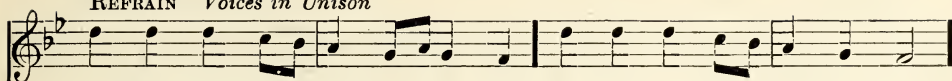


Heav'n - ly pow'rs, the tides con-troll - ing, Lift up faith - ful hearts and free.

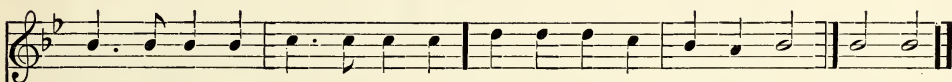


# Labor and Conflict

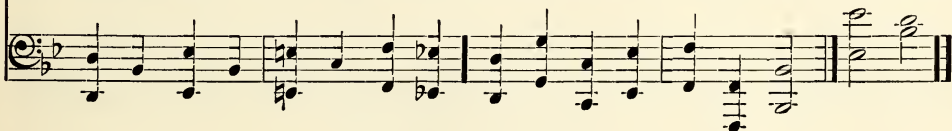
## REFRAIN *Voices in Unison*



Gird thee, gird thee, O my broth - er, We will march in close ar - ray,



Trust-ing God and in each oth - er, We are chil-dren of the day! A - men.



1 **H**AST thou heard it, O my brother,  
 Hast thou heard the trumpet sound?  
 Loudly calling each the other,  
 Warrior hosts thy life surround.  
 Hark! the tides of battle rolling  
 Fill the wide world like a sea;  
 Heavenly powers, the tides controlling,  
 Lift up faithful hearts and free.

### *Refrain*

Gird thee, gird thee, O my brother,  
 We will march in close array,  
 Trusting God and in each other,  
 We are children of the day.

2 Brave hearts through the midnight singing,  
 Doubting not the morning-star,—  
 Lo! the dawn breaks o'er them, bringing  
 Signs of triumph from afar!  
 Scorning fear, the darkness scorning,  
 While thy brow of youth is bright,  
 Set thy forehead to the morning,  
 Wear thy panoply of light.—*Ref.*

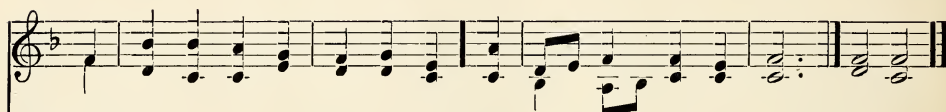
3 O the ancient earth is calling  
 For such life as thine may be;  
 Ages gone were stumbling, falling  
 Toward the light thine eyes shall see.  
 Though the old heroic story  
 Glow with noble deed sublime,  
 There shall be a greater glory  
 In the coming, golden time.—*Ref.*

FARRANT C. M.

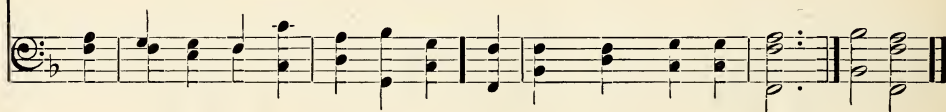
Richard Farrant (1530-1580)



Work-man of God! oh, lose not heart, But learn what God is like;



And in the dark-est bat-tle-field Thou shalt know where to strike. A-men.



- 1 **W**ORKMAN of God! oh, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like;  
And in the darkest battlefield  
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell,  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.
- 3 Blest too is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 4 For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

ERNAN L. M.

L. Mason, 1850

How hap - py is he born or taught, Who serv - eth not an -

oth - er's will; Whose ar - mor is his hon - est thought,

And sim - ple truth his high - est skill. A - men.

- 1 **H**OW happy is he born or taught,  
 Who serveth not another's will;  
 Whose armor is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his highest skill;
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are;  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
 Not tied unto the world with care  
 Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;
- 3 Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of his grace than goods to lend;  
 And walks with man, from day to day,  
 As with a brother and a friend.
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

## FATHERHOOD C. M. D.

John Jones

Now sound ye forth with trumpet tone, Let all the nations fear, Speak to the world the

thrilling words That tyrants quail to hear; And write them bold on Freedom's flag, And

wave it in the van, 'Tis the Fa-ther-hood of God, And the brotherhood of

man, 'Tis the Fa-ther-hood of God And the broth-er-hood of man. A-men.

## 1 NOW sound ye forth with trumpet tone.

Let all the nations fear,  
 Speak to the world the thrilling words  
 That tyrants quail to hear;  
 And write them bold on Freedom's flag,  
 And wave it in the van,  
 'Tis the Fatherhood of God,  
 And the brotherhood of man.

## 3 Too long the night of ignorance

Has brooded o'er the mind;  
 Too long the love of wealth and power,  
 And not the love of kind;  
 Now let the blessed truth be flashed  
 To earth's remotest span,  
 Of the Fatherhood of God,  
 And the brotherhood of man.

## 2 Upon the sunny mountain brow,

Among the busy throng,  
 Proclaim the day for which our hearts  
 Have prayed and waited long;  
 The grandest words that men have heard,  
 Since e'er the world began,  
 Are the Fatherhood of God,  
 And the brotherhood of man.

## 4 O, ye who trample on the hearts

And chain the minds of men;  
 The sword is shivered in your grasp,  
 Broke by the mighty pen;  
 And right shall yet prevail, in spite  
 Of king or priestly ban,  
 By the Fatherhood of God,  
 And the brotherhood of man.



Our Fa-ther! Thy dear name doth show The great-ness of Thy love;...

All are Thy chil-dren here be-low As in Thy heav'n a-bove....

One fam-i-ly on earth are we Through-out its wid-est span....

O help us ev-'ry-where to see The broth-er-hood of man. A-men.

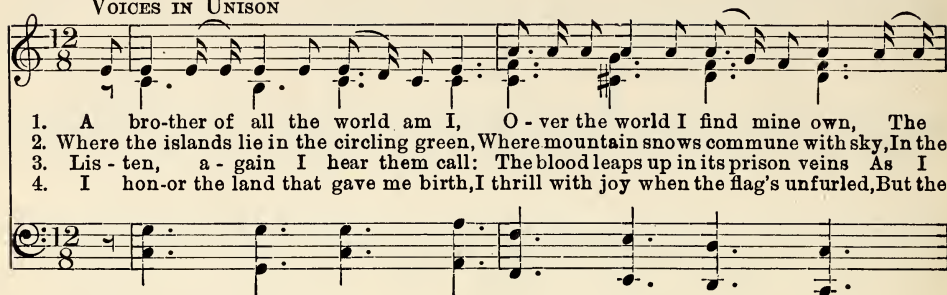
- 1 OUR Father! Thy dear name doth show  
The greatness of Thy love;  
All are Thy children here below  
As in Thy heaven above.  
One family on earth are we  
Throughout its widest span:  
O help us everywhere to see  
The brotherhood of man.
- 2 Alike we share Thy tender care;  
We trust one Heavenly Friend;  
Before one mercy-seat in prayer  
In confidence we bend;  
Alike we hear Thy loving call;  
One Heavenly vision scan,  
One Lord, one faith, one hope for all,  
The brotherhood of man.
- 3 Bring in, we pray, the glorious day  
When battle cries are stilled;  
When bitter strife is swept away  
And hearts with love are filled.  
O help us banish pride and wrong,  
Which since the world began  
Have marred its peace; help us make strong  
The brotherhood of man.
- 4 Close knit the warm fraternal tie  
That makes the whole world one;  
Our discords change to harmony  
Like angel-songs begun:  
At last, upon that brighter shore  
Complete Thy glorious plan,  
And heaven shall crown forevermore  
The brotherhood of man.

## BROTHERHOOD · P. M.

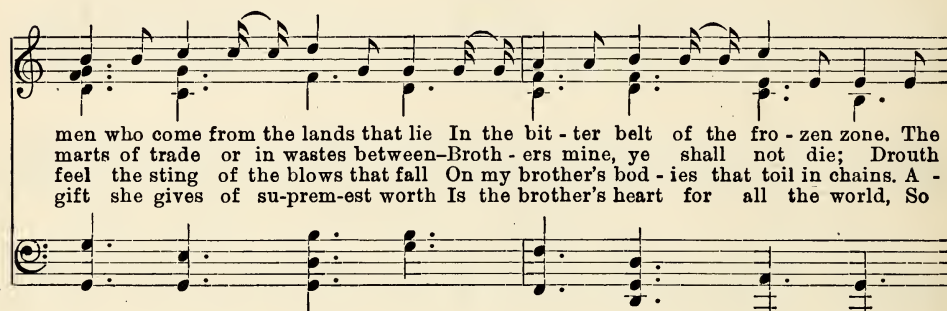
George E. Day, 1913

Willys Peck Kent, 1913

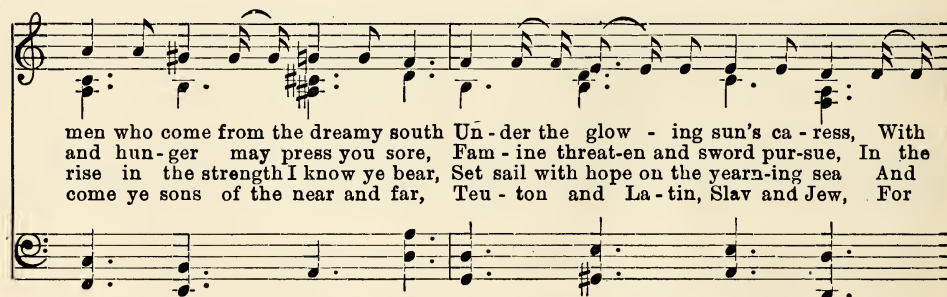
## VOICES IN UNISON



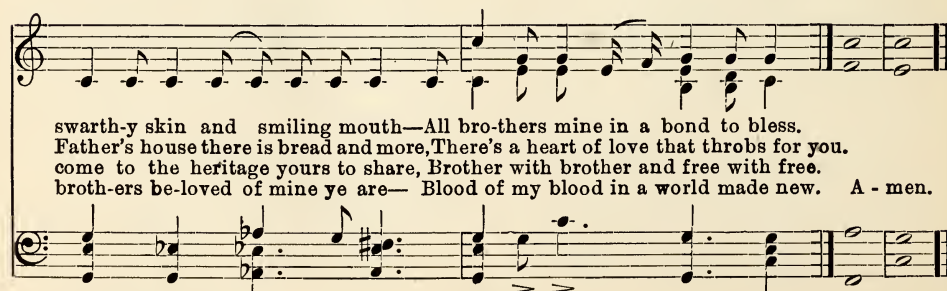
1. A bro-ther of all the world am I, O-ver the world I find mine own, The  
 2. Where the islands lie in the circling green, Where mountain snows commune with sky, In the  
 3. Lis - ten, a - gain I hear them call: The blood leaps up in its prison veins As I  
 4. I hon-or the land that gave me birth, I thrill with joy when the flag's unfurled, But the



men who come from the lands that lie In the bit - ter belt of the fro - zen zone. The  
 marts of trade or in wastes between - Broth - ers mine, ye shall not die; Drouth  
 feel the sting of the blows that fall On my brother's bod - ies that toil in chains. A -  
 gift she gives of su-prem-est worth Is the brother's heart for all the world, So



men who come from the dreamy south Un - der the glow - ing sun's ca - ress, With  
 and hun - ger may press you sore, Fam - ine threat-en and sword pur-sue, In the  
 rise in the strength I know ye bear, Set sail with hope on the yearn-ing sea And  
 come ye sons of the near and far, Teu - ton and La - tin, Slav and Jew, For



swarth-y skin and smiling mouth—All brothers mine in a bond to bless.  
 Father's house there is bread and more, There's a heart of love that throbs for you.  
 come to the heritage yours to share, Brother with brother and free with free.  
 broth-ers be-loved of mine ye are— Blood of my blood in a world made new. A - men.

WARRIOR C. M. D.

Archibald Macdonald, 1877

At length there dawns the glo - rious day By pro - phets long fore - told

At length the cho - rus clear - er grows That shep - herds heard of old.

The day of grow - ing bro - ther - hood Breaks on our ea - ger eyes,

And hu - man ha - treds flee be - fore The ra - dian - t East - ern skies. A - men.

1 **A**T length there dawns the glorious day  
 By prophets long foretold,  
 At length the chorus clearer grows  
 That shepherds heard of old.  
 The day of growing brotherhood  
 Breaks on our eager eyes,  
 And human hatreds flee before  
 The radiant Eastern skies.

2 For what are sundering strains of blood,  
 Or ancient caste and creed?  
 One claim unites all men in God  
 To serve each human need.

Then here together, brother men,  
 We pledge the Lord anew  
 Our loyal love, our stalwart faith,  
 Our service strong and true.

3 One common faith unites us all,  
 We seek one common goal,  
 One tender comfort broods upon  
 The struggling human soul.  
 To this clear call of brotherhood  
 Our hearts responsive ring;  
 We join the modern new crusade  
 Of our great Lord and King.

ST. GERMAN'S Six 6s.

Frederick C. Maker (1844- )

We mix from ma - ny lands,.... We march for ver - y far;....

In hearts and lips and hands Our staffs and weap - ons are;.....

The light we walk in dark - ens Sun and moon and star. A-men.

- 1 **WE** mix from many lands,  
We march for very far;  
In hearts and lips and hands  
Our staffs and weapons are;  
The light we walk in darkens  
Sun and moon and star.
- 2 It doth not flame and wane  
With years and spheres that roll,  
Storms cannot shake nor stain  
The strength that makes it whole,  
The fire that moulds and moves  
Is of the sovereign soul.
- 3 We are girt with our belief,  
Clothed with our will and crowned;  
Hope, fear, delight, and grief,  
Before our will give ground;  
Their calls are in our ears  
As shadows of dead sound.

- 4 O sorrowing hearts of slaves,  
We heard you beat from far!  
We bring the light that saves;  
We bring the morning star;  
Freedom's good things we bring you,  
Whence all good things are.
- 5 These have we, these are ours,  
That no priests give nor kings;  
The honey of all these flowers,  
The heart of all these springs;  
Ours, for where freedom lives not,  
There live no good things.
- 6 Rise, ere the dawn be risen,  
Come, and be all souls fed;  
From field and streets and prison  
Come, for the feast is spread.  
Live! for the truth is living:  
Wake! for night is dead.



ZEAL Irregular

John P. Marshall, 1912

Broth - er man, a - wake! Strength with - ers, of to -

mor - row dream - ing; Life's rip - ened grain to - day is gleam - ing;

Peer not a - head for du - ties new; A - wake!... Be true! A - men.

Permission of Pilgrim Press

- 1 **B**ROTHER man, awake!  
 Strength withers, of tomorrow dreaming;  
 Life's ripened grain today is gleaming;  
 Peer not ahead for duties new;  
 Awake! Be true!
- 2 Brother man, lay hold!  
 This is no time for idle scorning;  
 East is aflame with New Year's morning;  
 Short is the day, the workers few;  
 Lay hold! Be true!
- 3 Brother man, give ear:  
 Hear human needs for helpers calling,  
 Voices insistent calling, calling,  
 Hear, from the throng love speaks to you!  
 God's man, be true!



## FESTAL SONG S. M.

William H. Walter, 1904

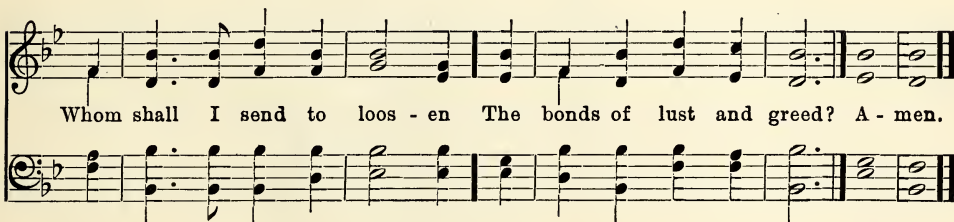
Rise up, O men of God! Have done with les - ser things,

Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of kings. A-men.

- 1 **R**ISE up, O men of God!  
Have done with lesser things,  
Give heart and soul and mind and strength  
To serve the King of kings.
- 2 Rise up, O men of God!  
His kingdom tarries long.  
Bring in the day of brotherhood  
And end the night of wrong.
- 3 Rise up, O men of God!  
The church for you doth wait  
Her strength unequal to her task,—  
Rise up, and make her great!
- 4 Lift high the cross of Christ!  
Tread where His feet have trod.  
As brothers of the Son of Man  
Rise up, O men of God!

WEBB 7s. 6s. 8l.

G. J. Webb, 1830



1 **T**HE voice of God is calling  
 Its summons unto men;  
 As once He spoke in Zion,  
 So now He speaks again.  
 Whom shall I send to succor  
 My people in their need?  
 Whom shall I send to loosen  
 The bonds of lust and greed?

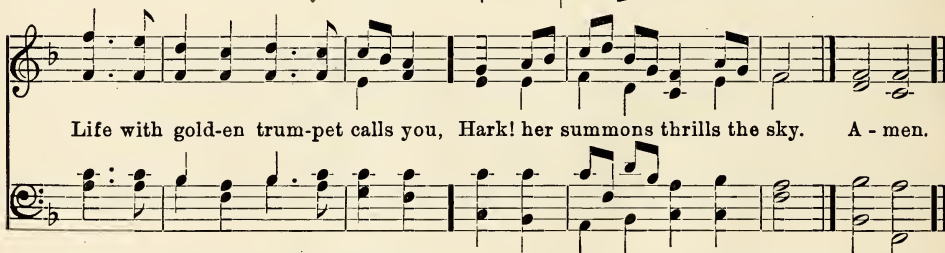
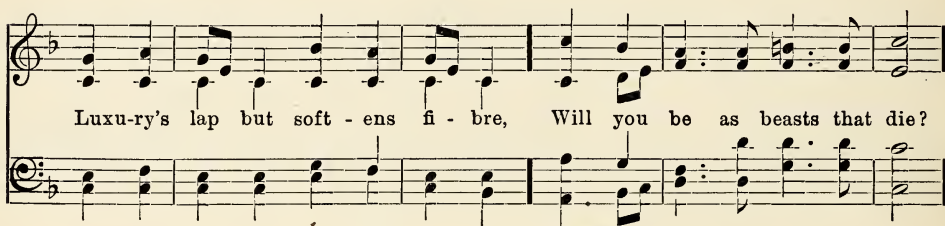
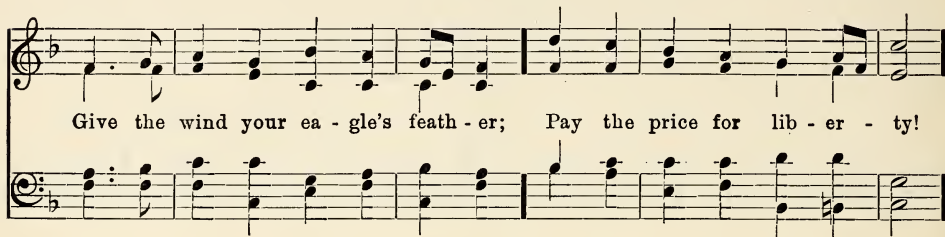
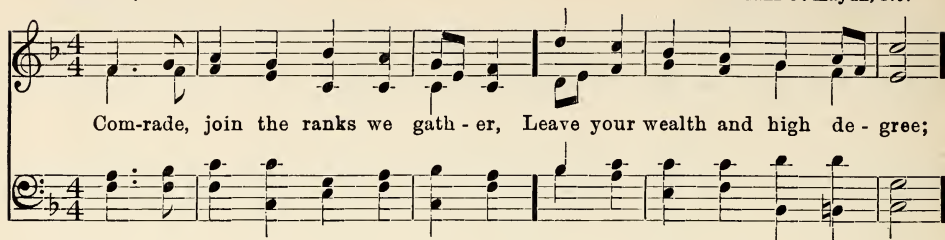
2 I hear my people crying  
 In cot and mine and slum;  
 No field or mart is silent,  
 No city street is dumb.  
 I see my people falling  
 In darkness and despair,  
 Whom shall I send to shatter  
 The fetters which they bear?

3 We heed, O Lord, Thy summons,  
 And answer, here are we!  
 Send us upon Thine errand,  
 Let us Thy servants be.  
 Our strength is dust and ashes,  
 Our years a passing hour—  
 But Thou canst use our weakness,  
 To magnify Thy power.

4 From ease and pleasure save us,  
 From pride of place absolve;  
 Purge us of low desire,  
 Lift us to high resolve.  
 Take us, and make us holy,  
 Teach us Thy will and way,  
 Speak, and behold! we answer,  
 Command, and we obey!

AUSTRIA 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Franz J. Haydn, 1797



1 COMRADE, join the ranks we gather:  
 Leave your wealth and high degree;  
 Give the wind your eagle's feather;  
 Pay the price for liberty!  
 Luxury's lap but softens fibre;  
 Will you be as beasts that die?  
 Life with golden trumpet calls you;  
 Hark! her summons thrills the sky.

2 Comrade join the mustering forces;  
 Lift your eyes from work and hear,  
 High above the grind and rattle,  
 Bugles blowing shrill and clear.  
 Toil and strive alone no longer!  
 Millions with you, heart and hand,  
 Weld a mighty bond of brothers  
 Round the world, from land to land.

3 Comrade, join the thickening squadrons:  
 Not through all your storied past  
 Rang a challenge more commanding,  
 Surged and swayed a tide so vast.  
 Will you let it sweep without you?  
 Shall the trumpet leave you chill?  
 Join us! live! while time is pulsing  
 With the Everlasting Will.

4 For our feet are on the highway!  
 Far ahead the goal we see;  
 'Tis the vision seers have died for,  
 'Tis the New Democracy.  
 Think you we shall fail to reach it?  
 Lo, where Justice heads the van,  
 Leading on along the ages  
 All the struggling hosts of man.

DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872

We wan-dered weep-ing here - to - fore For man - ya long, long day;

But Thou hast taught us how to mourn In Thy more ten - der way. A-men.

- 1 **W**E wandered weeping heretofore  
For many a long, long day;  
But Thou hast taught us how to mourn  
In Thy more tender way;
- 2 To mourn, and yet to joy and love,  
With overflowing heart,  
And in thy school of Christian mirth  
To bear our humble part.
- 3 Gay as the lark at morning's door  
Singing its fearless song;  
Yet plaintive as the dove that mourns  
In secret all day long.
- 4 Busy and blithe in hidden cell,  
Or crowded street no less,  
We use Thy modest wiles to save  
The world by cheerfulness.
- 5 'Mid strife and change, cold hearts and tongues,  
How much we owe to Thee!  
This sunny service! Who could dream  
Earth had such liberty.
- 6 Look at the crowds of this sweet land  
Dear heavenly Father, see  
How shepherdless they wander on,  
How lone, how hopelessly.
- 7 Then make us sons of thine indeed,  
Fill us with thy true mirth.  
Thy strength of prayer, thy might of love,  
To change these hearts of earth.

EVAN C. M.

W. H. Havergal, 1846

There is no grief nor care of men Thou dost not own for thine,

No brok-en heart thou dost not fill With mer-cy's oil and wine. A-men.

- 1 **T**HERE is no grief nor care of men  
Thou dost not own for thine,  
No broken heart thou dost not fill  
With mercy's oil and wine.
- 2 Dear Saint! not in the wilderness  
Thy fragrant virtues bloom,  
But in the city's crowded haunts,  
The alley's cheerless gloom.
- 3 Where hunger hid itself to die  
Where guilt in darkness dwelt  
Thy pleasant sunshine came by stealth  
Thy hand and heart were felt.
- 4 All industries of love wert thou  
So thoughtful yet so quick—  
The angel of the shame-faced poor,  
God's shadow on the sick.
- 5 Son wert thou to the childless old,  
The lonesome widow's stay,  
The gladness of the orphan groups  
Out in the street at play.
- 6 For charity anointed thee  
O'er want, and woe, and pain;  
And she hath crowned thee emperor  
Of all her wide domain—
- 7 Thou seem'st to have a thousand hands  
And in each hand a heart,  
And all the hearts a precious balm  
Like dew from God impart.
- 8 While love so overwhelmed thy days  
With toils beyond compare,  
Thy life mid all thy countless work  
Was one unbroken prayer.



BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

E. W. Bullinger, 1877

When thy heart with joy o'er - flow - ing

Sings a thank - ful pray'r, In thy joy O

let thy broth - er With..... thee share. A - men.

1 **W**HEN thy heart with joy o'erflowing,  
Sings a thankful prayer,  
In thy joy O let thy brother  
With thee share.

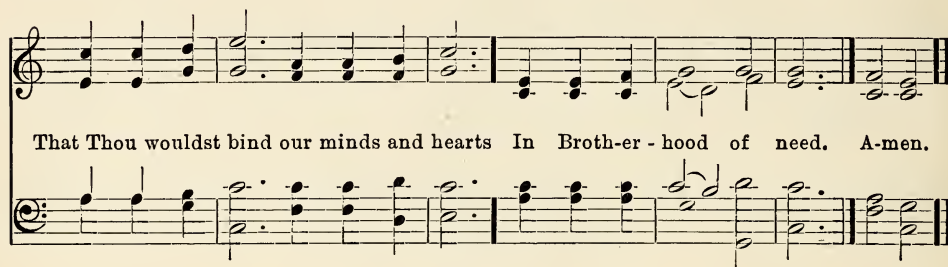
2 When the harvest sheaves ingathered  
Fill thy barns with store,  
To thy God and to thy brother  
Give the more.

3 If thy soul, with power uplifted,  
Yearn for glorious deed,  
Give thy strength to serve thy brother  
In his need.

4 Share with him thy bread of blessing,  
Sorrow's burden share;  
When thy heart enfolds a brother,  
God is there.

RIALTO S. M.

Geo. F. Root



- 1 **O** BLESSED Son of God,  
In love and faith we plead,  
That Thou wouldst bind our minds and hearts  
In Brotherhood of need.
- 2 Our Elder Brother Thou,  
Whose heritage we share,  
Our kindred lives we offer Thee,  
In Brotherhood of prayer.
- 3 Thou didst the will of Him  
Who sent Thee from above;  
Thou sendest us, as He sent Thee,  
In Brotherhood of love.
- 4 To serve Thy kingdom, Lord,  
To quiet sin's turmoil,  
Do Thou ordain and consecrate  
Our Brotherhood of toil.
- 5 Thou Man of Galilee,  
O wilt Thou live again!  
Abide within, control, inspire  
Our Brotherhood of men.

SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace, 1855

Teach us, O Lord, true bro - ther - hood In dai - ly tho't and deed,

That we may tread with hum-ble heart The path where Thou dost lead. A - men.

- 1 **T**EACH us, O Lord, true brotherhood  
In daily thought and deed,  
That we may tread with humble heart  
The path where Thou dost lead.
- 2 Help us to spurn a life of ease,  
While brothers labor long  
In mill and mart to give us bread,  
And labor without song.
- 3 Cast from our hearts, O Lord of life,  
Our selfishness and pride,  
Help us to choose the toiler's part,  
And suffer by his side.
- 4 Give us the courage, Lord, to fight  
With Thee all greed of gold,  
To fight until Thy kingdom's won,  
Thy kingdom long foretold.
- 5 Love then shall reign supreme o'er all,  
O'er heart and mind and hand,  
Eternal love and brotherhood  
In all this storm-tossed land.
- 6 With vision clear and steadfast heart  
So let us follow Thee,  
E'en though it be that weary road  
Which leads to Calvary!

HUMILITY L. M.

S. P. Tuckerman, 1848

O Je - sus, Mas - ter, when to - day I meet a -

long the crowd - ed way My bur - dened broth - ers—

mine and thine— May then thro' me Thy spir - it shine. A - men.

- 1 O JESUS, Master, when today  
I meet along the crowded way  
My burdened brothers—mine and Thine—  
May then through me Thy spirit shine;
- 2 To cheer them in their onward way,  
Till evening ends the varied day—  
To kindle so a growing light  
Where else might be but gloom and night.
- 3 Grant too that they my need may know  
As side by side we onward go—  
An equal need of kindly thought,  
And love like that which Thou hast taught.
- 4 Then give our hands a touch divine,  
And to our voices tones like Thine,  
As side by side we onward go,  
Nor need each other's names to know.

BALERMA C. M.

Arr. by Robert Simpson, 1833

Man's com - rade - ship is ver - y wide, A

large and no - ble throng, By toil and tears and

faith al - lied, And suf - fer - ing and song. A - men.

1 **M**AN'S comradeship is very wide,  
 A large and noble throng,  
 By toil and tears and faith allied,  
 And suffering and song.

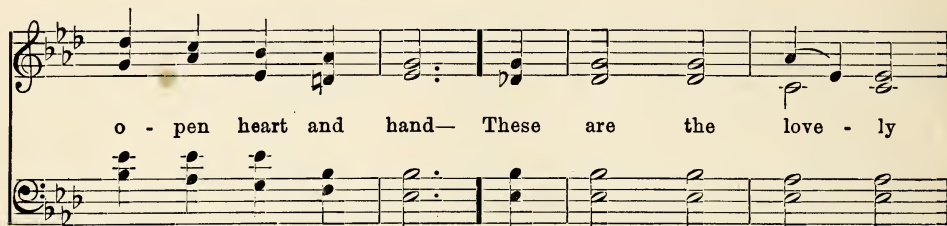
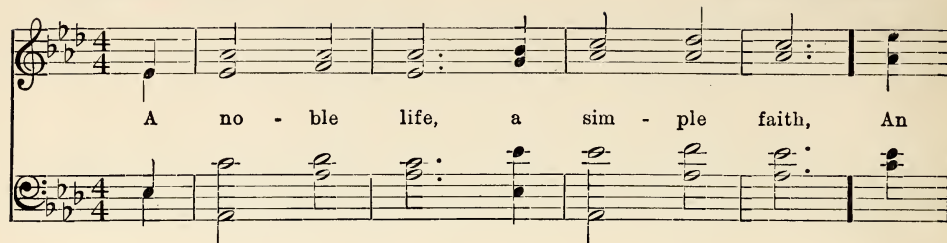
2 The vast democracy of earth,  
 The fellowship of man—  
 Who asketh any nobler birth  
 Than son to human clan?

3 The common lot of human kind,  
 Its gladness and its woe,  
 This mortal bond our lives must bind  
 That we immortal grow.



HUMMEL C. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832



- 1 **A** NOBLE life, a simple faith,  
An open heart and hand—  
These are the lovely litanies  
Which all men understand.
- 2 These are the firm-knit bonds of grace,  
Though hidden to the view,  
Which bind in sacred brotherhood  
All men the whole world through.
- 3 The cries of clashing creeds are heard,  
On every side they sound,  
But no age is degenerate  
In which such lives are found.
- 4 A noble life, a simple faith,  
An open heart and hand—  
These are the lovely litanies  
Which all men understand.

MINISTRY 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8.

John H. Gower, 1909

I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm To win my bread,  
And that, beyond my need, is meat For friend unfed:  
I thank Thee much for bread to live, I thank Thee more for bread to give. A - men.

- 1 I THANK Thee, Lord, for strength of arm  
To win my bread,  
And that, beyond my need, is meat  
For friend unfed:  
I thank Thee much for bread to live,  
I thank Thee more for bread to give.
- 2 I thank Thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof  
In cold and storm,  
And that beyond my need is room  
For friend forlorn:  
I thank Thee much for place to rest,  
But more for shelter for my guest.
- 3 I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love  
On me bestowed,  
Enough to share with loveless folk  
To ease their load:  
Thy love to me I ill could spare,  
Yet dearer is Thy love I share.

SEASONS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Mendelssohn

My Mas - ter was a work - er, With dai - ly work to do,

And he who would be like Him, Must be a work - er too.

Then wel - come hon - est la - bor, And hon - est la - bor's fare,

For where there is a work - er The Mas - ter's man is there. A - men.

1 MY Master was a worker,  
 With daily work to do,  
 And he who would be like Him,  
 Must be a worker too;  
 Then welcome honest labor,  
 And honest labor's fare,  
 For where there is a worker  
 The Master's man is there.

2 My Master was a comrade,  
 A trusty friend and true,  
 And he who would be like Him  
 Must be a comrade too;  
 In happy hours of singing,  
 In silent hours of care,  
 Where goes a loyal comrade,  
 The Master's man is there.

3 My Master was a helper,  
 The woes of life He knew,  
 And he who would be like Him  
 Must be a helper too;  
 The burden will grow lighter,  
 If each will take a share,  
 And where there is a helper  
 The Master's man is there.

4 Then, brothers brave and manly  
 Together let us be,  
 For he, who is our Master,  
 The Man of men was He;  
 The men who would be like Him  
 Are wanted everywhere,  
 And where they love each other  
 The Master's men are there.

BANNER L. M. D.

G. B. Lissant

The crest and crowning of all good, Life's fin - al star is bro - ther - hood,

For it will bring a - gain to earth Her long lost po - es - y and mirth;

Will send new light on ev - 'ry face, A king - ly pow'r up - on the race,

And till it comes, we men are slaves, And trav-el down-ward to our graves. A-men.

1 **T**HE crest and crowning of all good,  
 Life's final star is brotherhood,  
 For it will bring again to earth  
 Her long-lost poesy and mirth;  
 Will send new light on every face,  
 A kingly power upon the race,  
 And till it comes, we men are slaves,  
 And travel downward to our graves.

2 Come, clear the way, then clear the way!  
 Blind creeds and kings have had their day,  
 Break the dead branches from the path:  
 Our hope is in the aftermath—  
 Our hope is in heroic men,  
 Star-led to build the world again.  
 To this event the ages ran:  
 All hail the Brotherhood of Man!

LONGWOOD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Joseph Barnby, 1883

I do not ask, O God to be a saint In stain-less

robes to stand a - part from men; I pray that if my

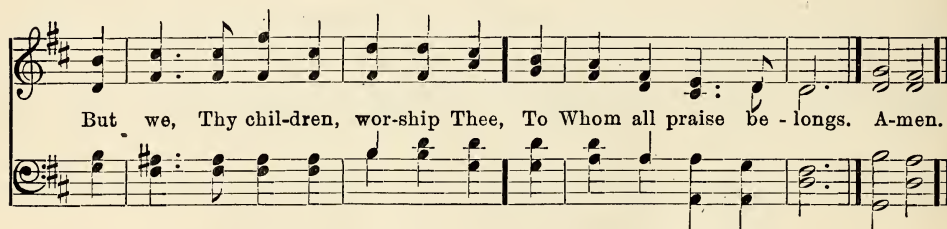
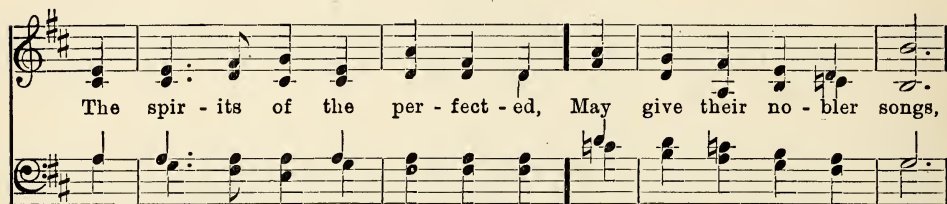
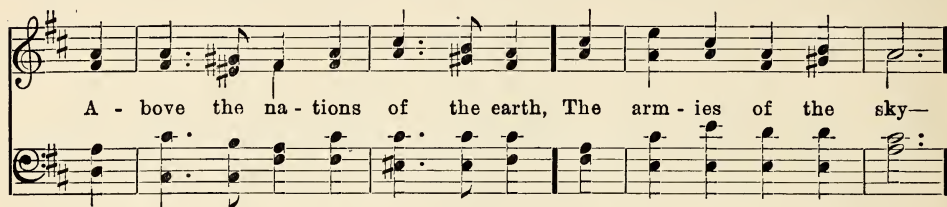
fel - low sin - ner faint, My hand may help him to a - rise a - gain. A-men.

- 1 I DO not ask, O God, to be a saint  
In stainless robes to stand apart from men;  
I pray that if my fellow sinner faint,  
My hand may help him to arise again.
- 2 I pray not that my lips may frame a creed  
About his name, in terms grave and profound;  
I only pray that when his side shall bleed,  
This hand of mine may help to close the wound.
- 3 I pray thee God, O set me not apart,  
Make me but greatly human, not divine;  
If there be brotherhood 'twixt heart and heart,  
Let me but clasp my brother's hand in mine.



Hear, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing o - bey The cry from the past and the  
call of to-day! Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured, The glut of the  
can - non, the spoil of the sword. The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword. Amen.

- 1 **H**EAR, hear, O ye Nations, and hearing obey  
The cry from the past and the call of to-day!  
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,  
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.
- 2 Lo, dawns the new era, transcending the old,  
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!  
From War's grim tradition it maketh appeal  
To service of all in a world's commonweal.
- 3 Home, altar and school, the mill and the mart,  
The workers afield, in science, in art,  
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create  
The manifold life of the firm-built State.
- 4 Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong  
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;  
Then justice prevail and, the battle-flags furled,  
The High Court of Nations give law to the world.
- 5 And thou, O my Country, from many made one,  
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,  
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,  
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good-will!



1 O KING of kings! O Lord of Hosts!

Whose throne is lifted high  
Above the nations of the earth,  
The armies of the sky—  
The spirits of the perfected  
May give their nobler songs,  
But we, Thy children, worship Thee,  
To Whom all praise belongs.

2 Thou Who didst lead Thy people forth,

And make the captive free,  
Didst call, and guide our pilgrim-sires  
Across the wintry sea,  
To make another Promised Land,  
For all the tribes of earth,  
Where right is might, and man is man,  
And life is more than birth.

3 Thy hand has hid within our fields

Treasures of countless worth;  
The light, the suns of other years,  
Shine from the depths of earth;

The very dust, inbreathed by Thee,  
The clods all cold and dead,  
Wake into beauty and to life,  
To give Thy children bread.

4 Thou Who hast sown the sky with stars,  
Setting Thy thoughts in gold,  
Hast crowned our Nation's life, and ours,  
With blessings manifold;  
Thy mercies have been numberless;  
Thy love, Thy grace, Thy care,  
Were wider than our utmost need,  
And higher than our prayer.

5 O Kings of kings! O Lord of Hosts!

Our fathers' God, and ours!  
Be with us in the future years;  
And, if the tempest lowers,  
Look through the cloud with light of love,  
And smile our fears away,  
And lead us through the brightening years  
To heaven's eternal day.

MENDON L. M.

German Melody. Arr. by S. Dyer, 1824

These things shall be! A loft - ier race Than e'er the

world hath known shall rise, With flame of free - dom

in their souls And light of knowl - edge in their eyes. A - men.

- 1 **T**HESE things shall be! A loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.
- 2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth and fire and sea and air.
- 3 Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.
- 4 New arts shall bloom, of loftier mould,  
And mightier music thrill the skies;  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is paradise.
- 5 There shall be no more sin nor shame,  
Though pain and passion may not die,  
For man shall be at one with God  
In bonds of firm necessity.

AUSTRIA 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Franz J. Haydn, 1797

Not a-lone for might-y em-pire, Stretching far o'er land and sea,

Not a-lone for boun-teous har-vests, Lift we up our hearts to Thee.

Stand-ing in the liv-ing pres-ent, Mem-o-ry and hope be-tween,

Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving Praise Thee more for things unseen. A-men.

1 NOT alone for mighty empire,  
 Stretching far o'er land and sea,  
 Not alone for bounteous harvests,  
 Lift we up our hearts to Thee.  
 Standing in the living present,  
 Memory and hope between,  
 Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving  
 Praise Thee more for things unseen.

2 Not for battle-ships and fortress,  
 Not for conquests of the sword,  
 But for conquests of the spirit  
 Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord;  
 For the heritage of freedom,  
 For the home, the church, the school,  
 For the open door to manhood  
 In a land the people rule.

3 For the armies of the faithful  
 Lives that passed and left no name;  
 For the glory that illumines  
 Patriot souls of deathless fame;  
 For the people's prophet-leaders,  
 Loyal to Thy living word,—  
 For all heroes of the spirit,  
 Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord.

4 God of justice, save the people  
 From the war of race and creed,  
 From the strife of class and faction,—  
 Make our nation free indeed;  
 Keep her faith in simple manhood  
 Strong as when her life began,  
 Till it find its full fruition  
 In the Brotherhood of Man!



## DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, ( -1793)

O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand Our ex-iled fa-thers  
crossed the sea; And when they trod the win-try strand,  
With pray'r and psalm they wor-shipped Thee. A-men.

- 1 O GOD, beneath Thy guiding hand  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;  
And when they trod the wintry strand,  
With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee.
- 2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;  
Thy blessing came, and still its power  
Shall onward through all ages bear  
The memory of that holy hour.
- 3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves,  
And 'where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their graves.
- 4 And here Thy name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon, 1833 (text of 1845)



## ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

*Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782*

Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen-dor, Lord of lords and King of kings,

With Thy liv - ing fire of judg-ment Purge this land of bit - ter things;

So-lace all its wide do-min-ion With the heal-ing of Thy wings. A - men.

- 1 JUDGE eternal, throned in splendor,  
     Lord of lords and King of kings,  
     With Thy living fire of judgment  
     Purge this land of bitter things;  
     Solace all its wide dominion  
     With the healing of Thy wings.
- 2 Still the weary folk are pining  
     For the hour that brings release,  
     And the city's crowded clangor  
     Cries aloud for sin to cease;  
     And the homesteads and the woodlands  
     Plead in silence for their peace.
- 3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavor;  
     Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;  
     Feed the faint and hungry heathen  
     With the richness of Thy Word;  
     Cleanse the body of this nation  
     Through the glory of the Lord.

RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 10.

Alexis von Lwoff, 1833

God save A - mer - i - ca, New World of Glo - ry, New - born to

free - dom and knowledge and pow'r, Lift - ing the tow'rs of her light - ning - lit

cit - ies Where the flood - tides of hu - man - i - ty roar! A-men.

- 1 **G**OD save America, New World of Glory,  
New-born to freedom and knowledge and power,  
Lifting the towers of her lightning-lit cities  
Where the flood tides of humanity roar!
- 2 God save America! Here may all races  
Mingle together as children of God,  
Founding an empire on brotherly kindness,  
Equal in liberty, made of one blood!
- 3 God save America! Brotherhood banish  
Wail of the worker and curse of the crushed;  
Joy break in songs from her jubilant millions,  
Hailing the day when all discords are hushed!
- 4 God save America! Bearing the olive,  
Hers be the blessing the peacemakers prove,  
Calling the nations to glad federation,  
Leading the world in the triumph of love!
- 5 God save America! Mid all her splendors,  
Save her from pride and from luxury;  
Throne in her heart the unseen and eternal;  
Right be her might and the truth make her free!

A - mer - i - ca tri - umph - ant! Brave land of pi - o - neers!

On moun - tain peak and prai - rie Their wind - ing trail ap - pears.

The wil - der - ness is plant - ed; The des - erts bloom and sing;

On coast and plain the cit - ies Their smok - y ban - ners fling. A - men.

- 1 **A**MERICA triumphant!  
Brave land of pioneers!  
On mountain peak and prairie  
Their winding trail appears.  
The wilderness is planted;  
The deserts bloom and sing;  
On coast and plain the cities  
Their smoky banners fling.
- 2 America triumphant!  
New shrine of pilgrim feet!  
The poor and lost and hunted  
Before thine altars meet.  
From sword of czar and sultan,  
From ban of priest and peer,  
To thee, o'er trackless waters,  
They come in hope and fear.
- 3 America triumphant!  
Dear homeland of the free!  
Thy sons have fought and fallen,  
To win release for thee.

- They broke the chains of empire;  
They smote the wrongs of state;  
And lies of law and custom  
They blasted with their hate.
- 4 America triumphant!  
Grasp firm thy sword and shield!  
Not yet have all thy foemen  
Been driven from the field.  
They lurk by forge and market,  
They hide in mine and mill;  
And bold with greed of conquest,  
They flout thy blessed will.
- 5 America, America!  
Triumphant thou shalt be!  
Thy hills and vales shall echo  
The shouts of liberty.  
Thy bards shall sing thy glory,  
Thy prophets tell thy praise,  
And all thy sons and daughters  
Acclaim thy golden days.

EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

"O Beau - ti - ful my Coun - try!" Be thine a no - bler care

Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har - vests wav - ing fair:

Be it thy pride to lift up The man - hood of the poor;

Be thou to the op - press - ed Fair Free - dom's o - pen door. A - men.

1 "O BEAUTIFUL, my Country!"

Be thine a nobler care  
Than all thy wealth of commerce,  
Thy harvests waving fair:  
Be it thy pride to lift up  
The manhood of the poor;  
Be thou to the oppressed  
Fair Freedom's open door.

2 For thee our fathers suffered;  
For thee they toiled and prayed;  
Upon thy holy altar  
Their willing lives they laid.

Thou hast no common birthright,  
Grand memories on thee shine;  
The blood of pilgrim nations  
Commingled flows in thine.

3 O Beautiful, our Country!  
Round thee in love we draw;  
Thine is the grace of Freedom,  
The majesty of law.  
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,  
Justice thy diadem;  
And on thy shining forehead  
Be Peace the crowning gem!



## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL C. M. D.

Charles S. Brown, 1906

O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,  
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es-ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!  
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A - men!

1 O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

3 O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life;  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And every gain divine.

4 O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!



## NATIONAL HYMN 10. 10. 10. 10.

George William Warren, 1892

*ff*

*Trumps, before each verse.* God of our Fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand

Leds forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band

Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor through the skies,

Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise. A-men.

From The Tucker Hymnal, by per.

- 1 **G**OD of our fathers, whose almighty hand  
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band  
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,  
Our grateful songs before Thy throne arise.
- 2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past;  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
Be Thou our Ruler, Guardian, Guide, and Stay;  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
- 3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,  
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;  
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
- 4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,  
Lead us from night to never-ending day;  
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,  
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

The fa - thers built this cit - y In a - ges long a - go,  
And bus - y in its bus - y streets, They hur - ried to and fro;  
The chil - dren played a - round them And sang the songs of yore,  
Till, one by one, they fell a - sleep, To work and play no more. A - men.

1 **T**HE fathers built this city  
In ages long ago,  
And busy in the busy streets,  
They hurried to and fro;  
The children played around them  
And sang the songs of yore,  
Till, one by one, they fell asleep,  
To work and play no more.

2 Yet still the city standeth,  
A hive of toiling men,  
And mother's love makes happy home  
For children now as then;  
O God of ages, help us  
Such citizens to be  
That children's children here may sing  
The songs of liberty.

3 Let all the people praise Thee,  
Give all Thy saving health,  
Or vain the laborer's strong right arm  
And vain the merchant's wealth;  
Send forth Thy light to banish  
The shadows of the shame,  
Till all the civic virtues shine  
Around our city's name.

4 A commonweal of brothers  
United, great and small  
Upon our banner blazoned be  
The Charter, "Each for all!"  
Nor let us cease from battle,  
Nor weary sheathe the sword,  
Until this city is become  
The city of the Lord.

WALTHAM L. M.

John B. Calkin, 1872

Our thought of thee is glad with hope, Dear coun - try of our

love and pray'r; Thy way is down no fa - tal slope,

But up to free - er sun and air. A - men.

1 OUR thought of thee is glad with hope,  
 Dear country of our love and prayer;  
 Thy way is down no fatal slope,  
 But up to freer sun and air.

2 Tried as by furnace fires, and yet  
 By God's grace only stronger made,  
 In future tasks before thee set  
 Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

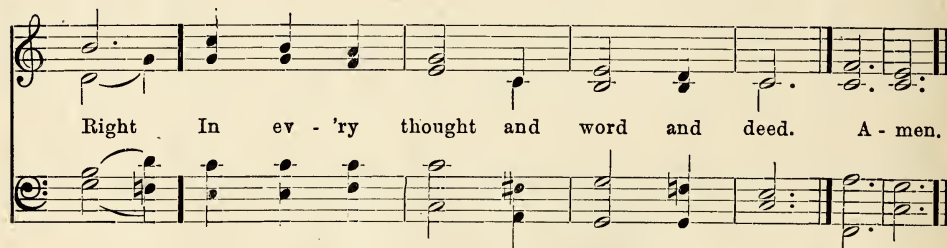
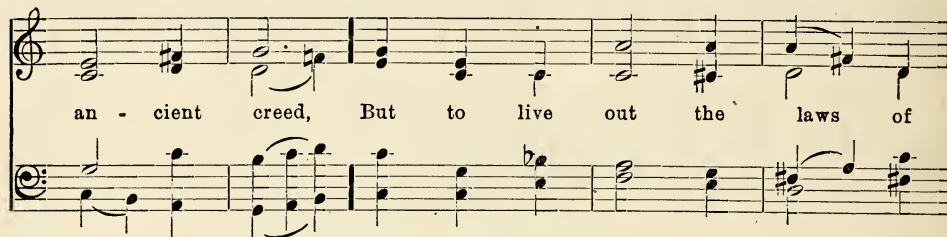
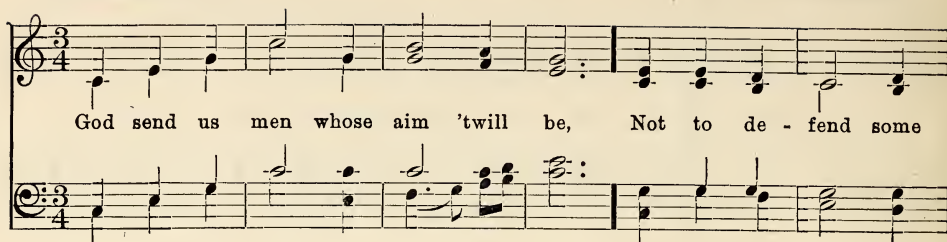
3 Great, without seeking to be great  
 By fraud of conquest; rich in gold,  
 But richer in the large estate  
 Of virtue which thy children hold.

4 With peace that comes of purity,  
 And strength to simple justice due;—  
 So runs our loyal dream of thee;  
 God of our fathers! make it true.

5 O land of lands! to thee we give  
 Our love, our trust, our service free;  
 For thee thy sons shall nobly live,  
 And at thy need shall die for thee.

MELROSE L. M.

F. C. Maker



1 **G**OD send us men whose aim 'twill be,  
 Not to defend some ancient creed,  
 But to live out the laws of Right,  
 In every thought and word and deed.

2 God send us men alert and quick  
 His lofty precepts to translate,  
 Until the laws of Right become  
 The laws and habits of the State.

3 God send us men of steadfast will,  
 Patient, courageous, strong and true;  
 With vision clear and mind equipped,  
 His will to learn, His work to do.

4 God send us men with hearts ablaze,  
 All truth to love, all wrong to hate;  
 These are the patriots nations need,  
 These are the bulwarks of the State.



O Lord our God, Thy might - y hand Hath made our coun - try free;

From all her broad and hap - py land May wor - ship rise to Thee.

Ful - fill the prom - ise of her youth, Her lib - er - ty de - fend;

By law and or - der, love and truth, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca be - friend! A - men.

1 O Lord our God, Thy mighty hand  
Hath made our country free;  
From all her broad and happy land  
May worship rise to Thee.  
Fulfill the promise of her youth,  
Her liberty defend;  
By law and order, love and truth,  
America, America befriend!

2 The strength of every state increase  
In Union's golden chain;  
Her thousand cities fill with peace,  
Her million fields with grain.

The virtues of her mingled blood  
In one new people blend;  
By unity and brotherhood,  
America, America befriend!

3 O suffer not her feet to stray;  
But guide her untaught might,  
That she may walk in peaceful day,  
And lead the world in light.  
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,  
Unequal ways amend;  
By justice, nation-wide and sure,  
America, America befriend!



## NIAGARA L. M.

Robert Jackson

God of the strong, God of the weak, Lord of all  
lands and our own land, Light of all souls, from Thee we  
seek Light from Thy light, strength from Thy hand. A - men.

1 GOD of the strong, God of the weak,  
Lord of all lands and our own land,  
Light of all souls, from Thee we seek  
Light from Thy light, strength from Thy hand.

2 In suffering Thou hast made us one,  
In mighty burdens one are we;  
Teach us that lowliest duty done  
Is highest service unto Thee.

3 Teach us, great Teacher of mankind,  
The sacrifice that brings Thy balm:  
The love, the work that bless and bind;  
Teach us Thy majesty, Thy calm.

4 Teach Thou, and we shall know indeed  
The truth divine that maketh free;  
And knowing, we may sow the seed  
That blossoms through eternity.

WARD L. M.

Old Scottish Melody, arr. by L. Mason, 1830

God of the na - tions, hear our call; Thou who art

Fa - ther of us all, Show us our part in Thy great

plan For the vast broth - er - hood of man. A - men.

- 1 **G**OD of the nations, hear our call;  
Thou who art Father of us all,  
Show us our part in Thy great plan  
For the vast brotherhood of man.
- 2 In plastic form the nations lie  
For molding unto us they cry;  
May we their urgent summons heed  
And gladly go to meet their need.
- 3 May we, a nation blessed with Light,  
Be ever truer to the Right,  
That nations in our life may see  
The Power which we derive from Thee.
- 4 Let us with earnestness of youth  
Care only for pursuit of Truth.  
O, may we feel Thy guidance still  
And heed the impulse of Thy Will!
- 5 Thus, as Thy kingdom cometh here,  
Shall it throughout the world draw near;  
And loyalty to country then  
Shall reach out to include all men.

BRADFORD (Messiah) C. M.

Arr. from G. F. Händel, 1741

O, God hear Thou the na - tion's pray'r, We

lift our cause to Thee. We wage the ho - ly

war of Christ; We fight to make man free. A - men.

1 O, GOD hear Thou the nation's prayer,  
We lift our cause to Thee.

We wage the holy war of Christ;  
We fight to make man free.

2 Give us to build our cities pure,  
Salvation throned above;  
To shelter lowly homes from ill,  
And tune our mills with love.

3 Give us to guide the alien feet;  
To teach the brother's way;  
To save our motherhood from need;  
To guard our children's play.

4 May visions call and faith enflame,  
And banish lust and greed.  
Make Thou America to be  
A land of soulful deed.

## TANNENBAUM 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Jane Robbins

German Folk-song, 1799

1. Now let our voices gay - ly ring, Lib - er - ty, O  
 2. Thy name shall be for - ev - er dear, Lib - er - ty, O

Lib - er - ty! Thy prais - es we will ev - er sing,  
 Lib - er - ty! By it we con - quer ev - 'ry fear,

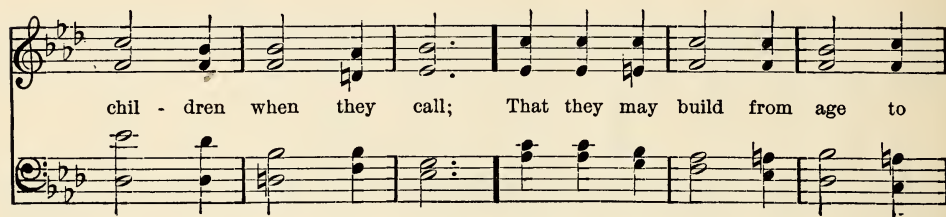
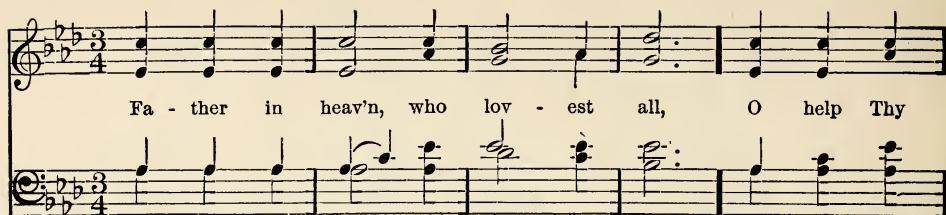
Lib - er - ty! O Lib - er - ty! In ev - 'ry land, by  
 Lib - er - ty! O Lib - er - ty! As friends and bro - thers

ev - 'ry sea, Strong arms grow strong - er serv - ing thee: Thy  
 in one band, We give to each a help - ing hand, Till

faith - ful serv - ants we would be, Lib - er - ty! O Lib - er - ty!  
 thou shalt rule in ev - 'ry land, Lib - er - ty! O Lib - er - ty! A - men.

## PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd, 1863



*(Land of our birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be,  
When we are grown and take our place  
As men and women with our race.)*

1 **F**ATHER in heaven, who lovest all,  
O help Thy children when they call;  
That they may build from age to age  
An undefiled heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,  
With steadfastness and careful truth;  
That, in our time, Thy grace may give  
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,  
Controlled and cleanly night and day;  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends  
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;  
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed  
By fear or favor of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,  
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;  
That, under Thee, we may possess  
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things,  
And mirth that has no bitter springs;  
Forgiveness free of evil done,  
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

*(Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,  
For whose dear sake our fathers died;  
O Motherland, we pledge to thee  
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.)*



## GOWER'S RECESSIONAL Six 8s.

John H. Gower, 1903

God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,

*Organ.*

*Ped.*

Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine:

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-men.

Copyright, by John H. Gower

1 **G**OD of our fathers, known of old,  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine:  
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;  
 The captains and the kings depart;  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart:  
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far-called our navies melt away,  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
 Or lesser breeds without the law:  
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard;  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard:  
 For frantic boast and foolish word,  
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!







